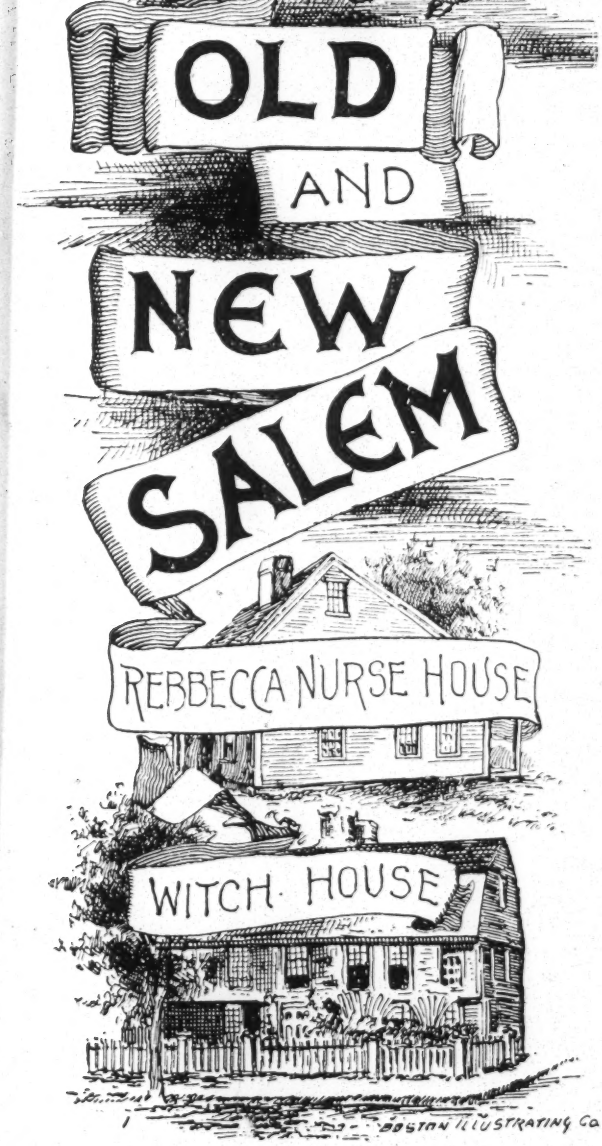

WITCHCRAFT

TO BE UNDERSTOOD.

Facts, Theories and Incidents.

WITH A GLANCE AT

OLD · AND · NEW · SALEM

AND ITS HISTORICAL RESOURCES.

—+ BY +—

MRS. HENRIETTA D. KIMBALL.

1892.
GEO. A. KIMBALL, PUBLISHER,
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TITUBA TEACHING THE FIRST ACT OF WITCHCRAFT.

Story of . . . Salem Witchcraft

In the year 1689, there was settled over the church in Salem Village the Rev. Samuel Parris. This church had been divided but seemed ready to unite upon him. It appears that, in settling, he had driven a hard bargain with his people; and, after being duly installed, had continually intrigued for greater power, using every opportunity to show his authority.

He endeavored to get the parsonage property into his own hands but in this he was foiled. Next, he tried to array the church against the congregation, but here he failed. Of course, under such treatment, the church began to cool towards him and his power began to wane.

At a town meeting Oct. 16, 1691, Joseph Parker, Joseph Hutchinson, Joseph Putnam and Daniel Andrews were appointed a committee to consider the controversy.

Mr. Parris knew that these men were largely in sympathy with the parish and could not be driven by him; unless something happened his power would be gone; this something did

happen and gave him for a time a power such as was never wielded before or since by any christian minister in this country.

II.

Just here a glimpse at the condition of the people of Salem Village is necessary. They believed in God; they also believed in a personal devil. They bowed to the one, they defied the other.

All life was a conflict with Satan and to fight him they put on the whole armor of the gospel and met him face to face.

They believed that Satan chose certain men among them as his agents to carry on his work.

They believed that Satan was mustering his forces to get control of this world; and their endeavor constantly was to drive him from the earth.

Witches, ghosts, fairies, gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire were all realities at that time.

III.

It was under this condition of the public mind that in the winter of 1691 and '92 a circle of young girls met at the house of Rev. Mr. Parris for the purpose of practising palmistry and other arts of fortune-telling and of becoming experts in the wonders of necromancy and magic.

Besides the Indian servants of Mr. Parris, John Indian and Tituba, there were, in this circle, Elizabeth Parris aged nine, Abigail Williams ~~seventeen~~ eleven, niece of Parris and member of his family, Ann Putnam twelve, the character and social position of whose parents made her the worst one of the lot, Mary Walcott

seventeen, Mercy Lewis a servant, Elizabeth Hubbard seventeen, Elizabeth Booth and Susannah Sheldon eighteen, Mary Warren and Sarah Churchill twenty, also servants.

Three married women acted with them, Mrs. Ann Putnam; Mrs. Pope and Mrs. Bibber. In the course of the winter they became quite skilful in their arts and attracted a good deal of attention by their actions, so much indeed that the whole neighborhood was filled with the story of the afflicted children.

"At first they made no charges against any person but contented themselves with strange actions, exclamations, and contortions. They would creep into holes and under benches and chairs, make wild and antic gestures and utter incoherent and unintelligible sounds.

"They would have spasms, drop insensible to the floor or writhe in agony, suffering dreadful tortures, and uttering loud and piercing cries."

Dr. Griggs, the village physician, was called in and gave it as his opinion that the children were bewitched. It was quite common in those days to lay what could not be explained to Satan.

The opinion of the Doctor set the whole community in a blaze and the "children" proceeded to fan the flames by acting queerly in public.

One Sunday in church Abigail Williams, when it was time for the sermon, shouted to the minister, "Now stand up and name your text!" When the minister did so she impudently remarked, "It's a long text."

In the midst of the sermon Mrs. Pope broke out, "Now there's enough of that." On the afternoon of the same day, the minister spoke of the doctrine referred to in the morning when the

same girl rudely said, "I know no doctrine you had. If you did name one I have forgot it."

An aged member was present who had been accused of witchcraft. The girls knew it and spoke aloud, calling her by name, "Look where she sits upon the beam sucking her yellow bird between her fingers."

Another one said, "there is a yellow bird sitting on the minister's hat as it hangs on a pin in the pulpit." Other interruptions occurred until those near Ann Putnam had to hold her to keep her from breaking up the meeting.

Now, instead of punishing those girls for this as they ought, their parents and friends looked upon them as under a supernatural power.

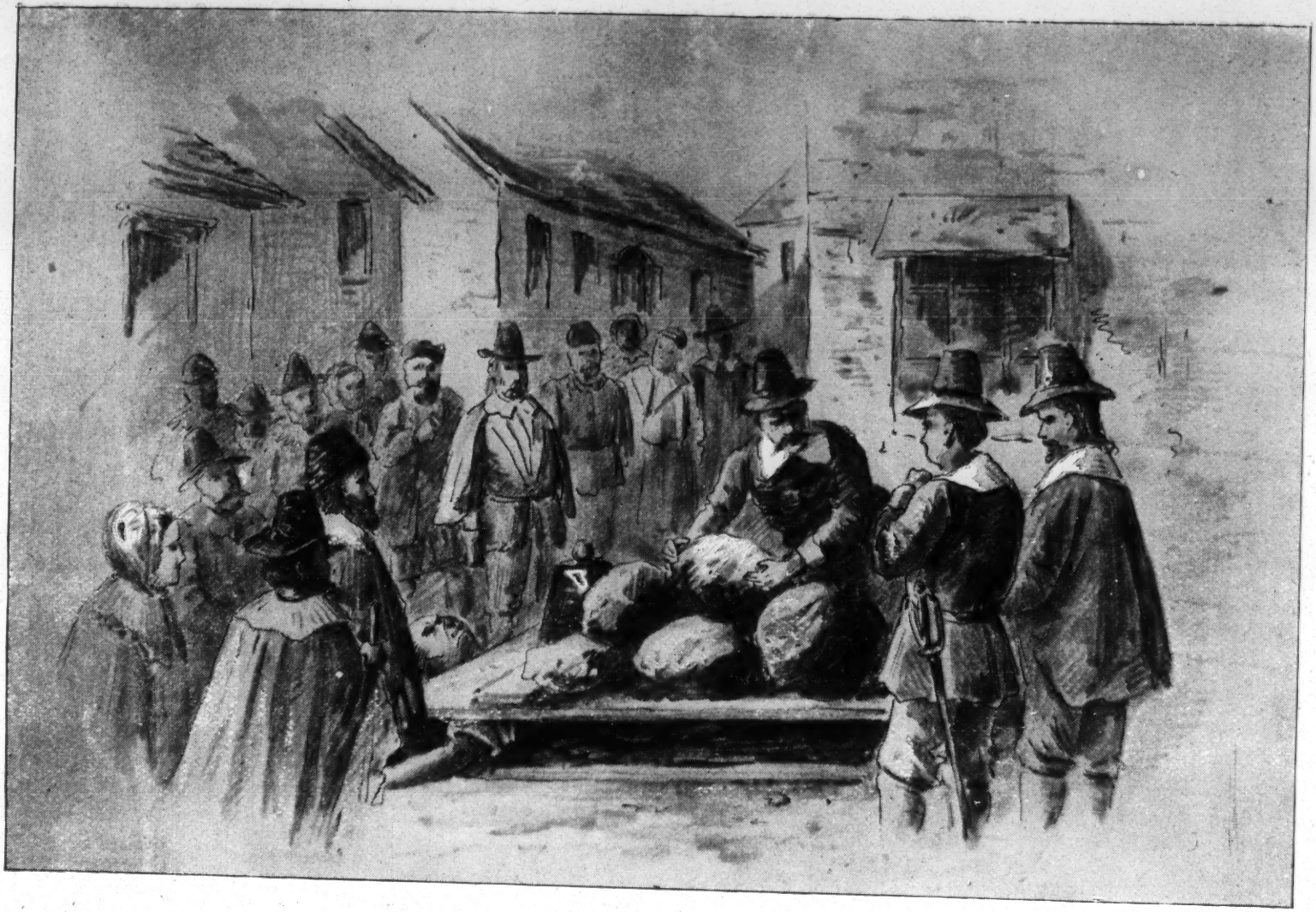
Of course when members of the minister's family were countenanced in such proceedings, it was not strange that people in general yielded to the excitement.

All, however, did not fall in with this element and they were marked.

Meantime excitement ran still higher; families, where these children were, betook themselves to fasting and prayer.

And now Mr. Parris sent for the neighboring ministers to gather at his house, and spend the day in prayer over these children, who seized the opportunity to show off before them so skilfully, and adroitly, that these godly men solemnly concluded that Satan had commenced his operations with a bolder front than ever.

This was enough to set the people wild. Everywhere the question now was, who had bewitched the children. The time had now come to strike. At first the children would give no



GILES COREY'S PUNISHMENT AND AWFUL DEATH.

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GILES COREY'S PUNISHMENT AND AWFUL DEATH.

names but at last under the continual pressure they cried out, one after the other, "Good," "Osburn," "Tituba."

Feb. 29, 1692, these persons were arrested and on March 1, John Hathorne and Jonathan Corwin, the two leading magistrates of the neighborhood, entered the village in imposing array escorted by the marshal, constables and their aids with all the trappings of their offices; reined up at Nathaniel Ingersoll's corner and dismounted at the door. The whole population came trooping in and flocked into the church where the trial was held.

First Sarah Good, a poor friendless creature, was examined. She denied everything; but the "children," who were present, by their wild actions and screams, convinced all that she was guilty.

Sarah Osburn was next examined. She was also an unfortunate who had been talked about for other sins. At the time of the trial she was bedridden, but in spite of this was dragged into the court.

She, too, denied everything; but again the "children" went off into spasms and this convicted her.

And now poor Tituba, an ignorant Indian full of superstition, was brought to trial and she at last confessed that the devil had asked her to serve him with four other women, and she named, as two of the four, Good and Osburn.

Among other things, she described a ride that they took through the air upon a stick or pole. This was enough and all were convicted and sent to Ipswich jail heavily manacled.

Of course excitement was now at fever heat and the people were ready to believe anything.

The next one accused was Martha Corey, who had not fallen in with the idea that these girls were bewitched, and of course

was much blamed by the community on account of her scepticism on the subject.

She also was dragged to the church and convicted and sent to jail.

The next one accused was Rebecca Nurse, one of the most saintly persons in Salem. Her trial attracted a good deal of attention, but in spite of her high standing, she too was condemned.

Next Dorcas Good, a little girl between four and five years old, was brought in and condemned.

There was now no longer any doubt that the devil had effected a lodgment in Salem Village.

Now the time for the Thursday lecture before communion came and Deodat Lawson, a former pastor, came to give it. Mary Walcott went to see him and had a fit in his presence. He had also heard that his first wife and child were killed by the diabolical influence of some of the people now being apprehended.

He spent an evening at the house of Parris and also saw Ann Putnam.

At the time of the lecture the house was packed and Lawson's sermon was exactly calculated to improve the occasion. Even the text was suggestive—Zech. III, 2: "And the Lord said unto Satan, The Lord rebuke thee O Satan! Even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee: is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"

The next Sunday, Mr. Parris followed this sermon with another of the same type. His text was John VI: 70, 71: "Jesus answered them, Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is

a devil? He spoke of Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon; for he it was that should betray him, being one of the twelve."

Sarah Cloyse, sister of Rebecca Nurse, was present and when he named his text went out and the wind slammed the door. This was enough to mark her as an instrument of Satan, and a week after she and Elizabeth Proctor were arraigned and this time tried before the deputy, Governor Danforth, and his council. When the trial came off Mrs. Proctor's husband appeared in defence of his wife, and he too was accused and convicted.

And so the craze grew and increased, caused wholly by this circle of "afflicted children," and urged and encouraged by this Rev. Mr. Parris, who now wielded a power which the Grand Inquisitor of Spain would have envied.

All ranks of society were affected, business ceased, and for a time men and women lost their reason and good sense in a cyclone of fanaticism, that carried everything before it.

And now in the list of victims we find higher game.

No less a man than the Rev. Geo. Burroughs was dragged into the net. He was accused and convicted of presiding at a witches' communion, held at midnight in the orchard behind Mr. Parris' house.

His trial was one of the most remarkable exhibitions of the crazy fanaticism that had for the time swept away the good sense of the community, and now Sir Wm. Phips came to be Governor of the province.

He appointed a special court to try these cases. It was opened June, 1692. An old law of James I was revived to meet the emergency.

The court house, in which the trials were held by this court,

stood in the middle of what is now Washington street near where Lynde and Church streets now enter it, fronting towards Essex street. The only person tried at the first session of the court was Bridget Bishop. As this person under guard passed through the streets to her trial, she went by the church and Cotton Mather says "She gave a look toward the house, and immediately a demon, invisibly entering the meeting house, tore down a part of it; so that, though there was no person seen there, yet the people, hearing the noise and running in, found a board, which was strongly fastened with several nails, transported into another quarter of the house."

This was used as evidence against her at the trial and, with others still more wild and ridiculous, determined the learned judges to condemn her to death.

Her case being disposed of, the court took a recess and consulted the ministers of Boston and the neighborhood respecting the prosecutions.

The reverend gentlemen, to a man, urged the most vigorous prosecution of the whole matter, and they prepared to follow out their advice.

Wednesday, June 29, the court met again and after trial sentenced to death Sarah Good, Sarah Wildes, Elizabeth How, Susannah Martin and Rebecca Nurse, who were all executed on

being a convicted witch by the courts and condemned to die should be excommunicated, which was accordingly done in the afternoon, she being present."

Here was the revered head of a large and prosperous family, whose influence was sufficient to get forty signatures from the best townspeople for the repeal of the sentence, old, deaf, white haired, with a character of unblemished purity, dragged from her comfortable home where she was the object of reverence and affection, where in simple Christian faith she waited in her extreme age, for the coming of her Lord, to stand before an earthly tribunal, charged with sins she could not in her enfeebled condition have committed, even had they been possible. Disgraced, slandered, reviled, accused, condemned, cast into prison, brought forth to the church, her aged limbs loaded with chains, and, in the presence of sorrowful friends and merciless judges, solemnly consigned to the infernal powers to whom it was averred she had already pledged her soul. Cast into prison once more; there to meditate in the greatest extremity of human loneliness and woe upon the nature of her dreadful doom, only to be dragged forth once again, and carted away to Gallows hill and hanged. The picture is not finished. Sons and daughters, at the risk of their lives, at the fearful hour of midnight digging the aged body from the horrible pit into which it had been cast

July 19.

Before her execution Rebecca Nurse was brought into the church of which she had long been a member and thus publicly excommunicated in the presence of a vast throng of people who had gathered to see her.

She was then taken back in chains to the jail from which

Sept. 9, *Martha Corey*,[1] *Mary Easty*, *Alice Parker*, *Ann Pudeator*, Dorcas Hoar and Mary Bradbury were tried and condemned. Sept. 17, *Margaret Scott*, *Wilmot Reed*, *Samuel Wardwell*, *Mary Parker*, Abigail Faulkner, Rebecca Eames, Mary Lacy, Ann Foster and Abigail Hobbs were also sentenced to death.

It is said that after they had been hanged Rev. Mr. Noyes, pointing to their bodies as they swung in the air, exclaimed: "What a sad thing it is to see eight firebrands of hell hanging there!" This was the last time that minister ever saw such a sight, for an event had occurred three days before which started a reaction in the public mind.

This was the awful death of Giles Corey. He was a man over eighty years of age, had been carried away by the delusion for a time and his testimony had been used for the conviction of his wife who was now under sentence of death. But now seeing the wickedness of the whole proceedings he had not hesitated to confess his error and denounce what had been done. This brought down upon him the wrath of the "afflicted children" and of Mr. Parris, in consequence of which he too was thrown into jail.

When brought into court the old man refused to plead one way or the other but stood dumb before his judges.

Three times he was brought in, and three times he refused to open his mouth. He was then taken into an open field somewhere between Howard-street burial ground and Brown street, stripped of his clothing, thrown upon his back and heavy weights placed upon his body till he was pressed to death.

[1] Those, whose names are italicized, were executed Sept. 22.

REBECCA NURSE HOUSE, DANVERS, MASS.

It was impossible for these fanatical atrocities to be longer endured, or such monstrous absurdities longer to find belief.

The jails were full, hundreds were under suspicion, the law demanded more victims; but the popular feeling, stronger than judicial authority, revolted against this unreasonable and bloody business. Fraud and imposture began to be visible behind the veil that had so long shrouded these matters in darkness. Where were these horrors to end? Corrupt means had been used, and occasionally detected, to tempt people to become accusers, and charges were being made against some of the most exalted and influential members of society. People exclaimed, "Who can account himself safe if these things are allowed to continue?" It was clearly believed that the trials were not fair, but served only as a form for condemning the accused. Such a state of things could not long continue, and at length the juries refused to convict. The force of public sentiment was too powerful, and Stoughton, the chief-justice, finding it in vain to procure any further convictions retired from the bench.

There was one species of evidence which was of great effect in these prosecutions, and which it was impossible to avoid or rebut. Witnesses were allowed to testify to certain acts of the accused when they were not present in the body, tormenting their victims by apparitions and spectres which pinched them, robbed them of their goods, caused them to languish and pine away, and pricked them with sharp pins; the bewitched persons often producing the identical pins with which this was done. It was further declared that an insensible and invisible fluid darted from the eyes of the witch and penetrated the brain of the person bewitched. The ultimate issue of these events appeared to culminate in the frightful judgment and death of Giles Corey

This horrible affair produced a deep effect upon the community and before it had died out of the public mind the "afflicted children" made the mistake of striking too high for victims.

Increase Mather, president of Harvard College and father of Cotton Mather, had not scrupled to denounce the delusion; and, accordingly, they accused his wife of being a witch. The wife of Sir Wm. Phips, the governor, expressed her sympathy with the victims and they also accused her. Jonathan Corwin, one of the magistrates, had not joined very zealously in the prosecutions and condemnations and his mother-in-law was accused.

But what finally broke the spell was their accusation in October of Mrs. Hale, the wife of the minister of the First Church in Beverly.

Mr. Hale had been one of the leaders in the prosecutions up to this time, but when it came home to him his eyes were effectually opened and he stood forth between her and the storm he had helped to raise. The whole community became convinced that the "afflicted children" had perjured themselves and from that moment their power was gone; the awful delusion began to pass away and Salem came to its senses again.

The reader will perhaps be interested to know what became of the Rev. Samuel Parris who, more than anyone else, was the cause of this unfortunate craze.

In April, 1693, his church brought charges against him for connection with the witchcraft delusion. He confessed his error at last and in 1696 was dismissed from the church.

After this he preached two or three years in the town of Stowe, from which place he removed to Concord. It is not known how long he lived here, but the record says he preached six months in Dunstable in 1711, and then removed to Sudbury where he died in 1720.

I do not think it is generally understood and appreciated that Salem did not initiate examples of justice, in the punishment of the supposed crime of witchcraft. The belief in demonology was general. It had been transmitted in ancestral blood from the old world, and strongly nurtured by the peculiar surroundings and condition of the earliest settlers of New England.

Salem became, by accident, the ground of a hostile conflict between the darkness of old superstitions, bigotry and intolerance and the dawn of a higher spirituality destined in its course to give life and liberty to the reason and conscience of men.

The most pointed and marvellous incident is that those who practised the demonology they believed were not convicted of the crime but became the accusers and convictors of wondering and innocent people and were protected in their madness by the highest authority. The "old witch house" at the corner of North and Essex streets was the residence, at this period, of Judge Corwin, and it is averred that many went forth from this place of judgment to death. Here with a gravity that would seem only ridiculous when applied to the subject, had the import not proved so serious, men and women whose imaginations had set flame to their passion came day after day to sit in awful judgment upon those who were neighbors, friends and professing Christians, but toward whom the fingers of the afflicted children had been pointed with the damning accusation of witchcraft.

How small the beginning of the flame! how great the conflagration which in its course consumed the domestic peace and quiet of the little town! Ah! why must human wisdom be

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bought at such fearful costs of human suffering? The benefit that accrued to mankind from these proceedings cannot be denied. The eyes of the world reverted to the tragedy at Salem, and the terrible significance of it is not likely to be forgotten.

However, that portion of the town in which many of these events occurred was set off from the parent stock in 1757, and became the present town of South Danvers.

HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES, SALEM, MASS.

Tale of an Apple Dumpling.

'Twas in that time, "the good old time,"
When witches and the devil
Were said in fires and butter pots,
To hold indecent revel.
Exhausted were the good folks with
Their many saintly labors,
To exorcise from house and heart,
These uncongenial neighbors.

And ghosts were plenty in those days,
They ranged in every quarter;
And so the parson fasted, prayed,
And laid by fire and water.
His task was very arduous,
For all without assistance,
Against the soul's most bitter foes
He waged this brave resistance.

Sad was the time when Mary March,
The merriest girl in town,
From Parson Cook's walked home one day,
The wife of Willie Brown.

Though Willie was a likely lad,
Who'd give her lands and gold,
Unfortunate, his mother was
A widow, cross and old.

Full faithfully her darling boy
She'd "sarved for twenty years;"
"They'd lived contentedly," she thought,
"With none to interfere,
Until the wicked, witching ways
Of this contriving lass
Had cast a spell upon the lad,
Which brought this thing to pass."

In vain poor Mary tried to win
The love of Mother Brown,—
Whichever way she chanced to turn
She met that lady's frown.
And Willie much engaged in toil,
Unmindful of their strife,
Oft sorely grieved old Mrs. Brown
By kissing his young wife.

"The boy is made a fool," she said,
"By these palavering ways;
She is a witch, I'll watch her well,
I'll catch her one these days."
So many weeks upon the hearth
In silent spite she sat,
But naught came round to prove the witch,
Not even a black cat.

One day the pot mysteriously
Upon the crane was hung,
While roguishly the young wife smiled,
The kettle puffed and sung.

At noon she saw her plunge her hands
In water boiling hot,
And draw a long white bag from out
The black depths of the pot.

With grim and satisfactory smile,
Marm Brown drew up her chair,
Her keen eyes bent upon her plate
While Willie said a prayer.
Then Mary turned her blandly round
"Dear mother, if you wish,
Lift up the cover and behold
My wonderful new dish."

When Willie saw with much surprise,
She neither spoke nor moved,
He said for his part he'd not let
The time go unimproved.
And so he lifted from the dish
The pewter cover brown,
Displaying to the company
The dumplings smooth and round.

"And what is this, my little wife?
And what is this?" he said;
"I guess 'tis not a pudding,
And I think 'tis neither bread."
Then Mary, looking very wise,
Mischievously replied:
"Oh! cut it open, Willie dear,
And see the inner side."

So fiercely sat old Mrs. Brown
And glared upon the feast,
One might have caught a new-fledged tale
Of Beauty and the Beast.

When Willie, with a playful stroke,
The thin crust opened wide,
She was the very first to see
The apple hid inside.

Straightway she caught the pewter dish,
With dumplings three or four,
She wound her shawl about her head
And started for the door.
"Great Heavens! is the woman mad?"
The son indignant cried,
As she ran swiftly down the steps
And locked the pair inside.

Then Mary turned a deadly pale,
And shook with vague alarm;
"Oh, Willie! Willie! she has gone;
'Twill bring us both to harm."
"Oh, fie, my love! cheer up! cheer up!
And don't you feel amazed,
Me and my father never took
Much notice of her ways.

"A trifle stiff about the church
Perhaps it was our notion,
She's rather hard upon a witch,
But then, O land of Goshen!
The neighbors all will tell you, dear,
She's square right up and down,
With kind a heart as ever beat
Beneath a homespun gown."

But scarce an hour had passed away
Before one-half the town
Were gathered at poor Willie's door,
Led on by Mrs. Brown.

The parson turned aside and prayed,
A brace of deacons frowned,
While fiercely at the sheriff's back
The women stared around.

Then Willie's strong right arm went round
His pale and trembling wife;
"Fear not, dear one! from all alarm,
I'll guard you with my life."
"Ah! there she is," shrieked Mrs. Brown,
"Then seize upon the witch!"
"God help us all," the parson cried,
"We'll try by fire and pitch."

Then Willie close against his breast
His young wife bravely drew,
And turned him angrily about,
To meet the charging crew.
But, smiling in his eyes, she said:
"You'll shed no blood for me;
I'll give myself to these good friends,
God will my helper be."

They tore her rudely from his arms,
And brought her to the jail,
But not till senseless 'neath their feet
They bound him sore and pale.
"Oh, God forgive ye, Willie!"
The pious mother prayed;
The deacon hemmed a short "Amen,"
"The devil take the jade."

A novel trial was proposed,
The town was in a flame,
And through the sweet September noon,
From far and near they came.

A broad green field the court room was
The field of William Brown,
Where many a tree o'erloaded, shook
Its golden fruitage down.

Upon a bench the parson sat,
Beneath it Mrs. Brown,
With churchmen twelve, who would proclaim
The judgment of the town.
Pitched above an open fire,
The fatal kettle hung,
Its huge black sides swung glittering in
The clear September sun.

And all along the sunset hills,
The sleepy shadows played,
While scarce a sound the still air stirred,
Save what the locusts made.
And all along the "crispy" fields
Gathered the motley crew,
Scarce twenty there, or friend or foe,
But that the prisoner knew.

There was the beau she had refused,
An awkward country clown,
Who leaned with patronizing air
Upon old Mother Brown.
And all the girls who'd envied her
A matrimonial prize,
Cast meaning looks among themselves,
With proud and scornful eyes.

A board was brought; a mound of flour
Some apples and a dish
Were placed before the prisoner,—
'Twas all that she could wish.

First, neatly tucking up her sleeves,
With apron at her waist,
The dish beneath the parson's nose
Upon the bench she placed.

Like one that would not be deceived,
He sternly sat and looked,
While busily beneath him worked
The white hands of the cook.
She stirred the flour to a paste,
And rolled it in a trice;
Another minute and the fruit
Was folded in so nice,

That staring very hard, he scarce
Could see a single seam;
Surely, he thought, of all our cooks
She is the very queen.
But still he sat as grave and glum,
And not a word did say,
For fear the water in the pot
Might melt the dough away.

None other dared to venture near
Where Mary's hand had been,
And so 'twas she prepared the pot
And threw the dumplings in.
Down through the boiling tide they sunk
Upon the bottom flat,
Tied in a wicked looking bag,
Like old Witch Hayden's cat.

"Half an hour!" thundered the judge
His watch beneath his eye,
Looking a very pompous pink
Of country magistry.

The twelve apostles, "buzzing" near,
  Like hornets round their nest,
Brayed forth their hems! with meaning nods,
  And frowned their very best.

And Jeremiah Pumpkin gave,
  His chair an awful hitch,
To move that when the dough was boiled,
  They bag and boil the witch.
One brother then declared himself
  Much wedded to old ways,
And preached of God, and fire, and sword,
  And laws of other days.

New fangled thoughts, new fangled ways,
  Strove in this generation
To bring the holy wrath of God
  Upon the carnal nation.
For *his* part, he could not desert
  An old way for a new,
The proper way to serve a witch
  Was in a barbecue.

While thus they wrangled with themselves
  The short half hour was told;
The judge himself with tongs stepped down,
  The dripping bag seized hold.
He bore the steaming mass along,
  With firm and steady hand,
He cut the strong hemp string and rolled
  The dumplings in the pan.

The proof was there, so she was free,
  When none could do her harm.
"Bless God!" she said; then pale and cold
  Leaned on her goodman's arm.

And now among the sunny hills
  The glad hurrah resounds;
From many a flask the liquor poured,
  The jovial glass went round.

The milk of human kindness, too,
  Grew genial in the blood,
And on the victim compliments
  Poured in a merry flood.
'Twas strange that those, most sternly on
  Her condemnation bent,
Now boldy whispered in her ear
  They knew her innocent.

WITCHCRAFT IN MAINE.

WE do not discover that there were very serious results arising from the belief in witchcraft in Maine; but that the good people of the Pine Tree State did believe in witches, wizards, and all sorts of hobgoblins, even as late as the present century, the writer can testify. One story may serve to illustrate the facts.

In the romantic and beautiful town of Wells there lived an old woman suspected and despised by her neighbors as a witch. It was to this town, fronting the sea, with fertile farms and vast wooded districts rolling inland, Burroughs retired, hoping here to escape the fury and fanaticism of the Parris faction at Salem; but here came the magistrates and the parson to summons him to trial, and near the spot, since called "Witch Trot," where in storm and darkness and through the unbroken wilderness he led the way to his doom, more than a hundred years later lived old Nabbie, the witch of Wells.

The favorite shape old Nabbie assumed was that of a black hog. My grandmother, who was a native of the town, told me she and her young sisters on one occasion saw the black hog enter Nabbie's door, and that there was no doubt in the minds of any at that time that it was the spirit of the evil woman.

Nabbie, in the days when a sour visage, a red petticoat, and a black cat were sufficient to ruin the character of a Christian,

added to these ungodly qualities the offence of living alone in a small black house, untidily kept, and the habit of steeping herbs. One or two circumstances are sufficient to illustrate the faith of the people in her miraculous powers.

On one occasion she got into a neighbor's cream, so that the goodwife churned and churned, nearly all day, but the butter would not come; finally, it came into her mind that Nabbie was in the churn bewitching the butter. For a hundredth time that day she pulled up the long dasher with the round cover, peering curiously and angrily into the round well of white froth, nothing more, — not a single speck of the yellow butter that should have been there was visible. Surely this was the work of the devil; and with savage yet solemn determination to be even with her tormentors, she seized the churn in her stout arms and pitched its contents into the fire. She waited, surely expecting to see old Nabbie rise from the flames, or to hear the groans and cries of the expiring witch; but, when nothing unusual occurred, she determined to test the verity of her suspicions. She wound a warm shawl about her head and shoulders and started for Nabbie's house, some quarter of a mile distant.

Invincible as he who would discover a new continent, her mind full of the imaginary terrors of magic and diabolism, she hurried across the crisp fields of snow in the early winter twilight.

Arriving at Nabbie's shabby dwelling, with wildly throbbing heart, she sounded a summons upon the creaky weather-stained door. There was no response. A second time, gaining courage with every breath, she rapped more boldly. "Who's there?" snarled a voice from within. "It is I," said the neighbor, naming herself. "Then come along in, can't ye?" Without knowing

whether she should leave the house of the ungracious witch alive or not, she entered. The ashes of a dead fire were strewn upon the hearth, a litter of rags and filth made grewsome shadows in the darkness; the room was empty. The door of the bedroom stood ajar, and from within came Nabbie's querulous tones: "What are ye here for anyway? nobody sent for ye as I know of."

"Nabbie, I came to borrow a pat of butter, if you could spare it."

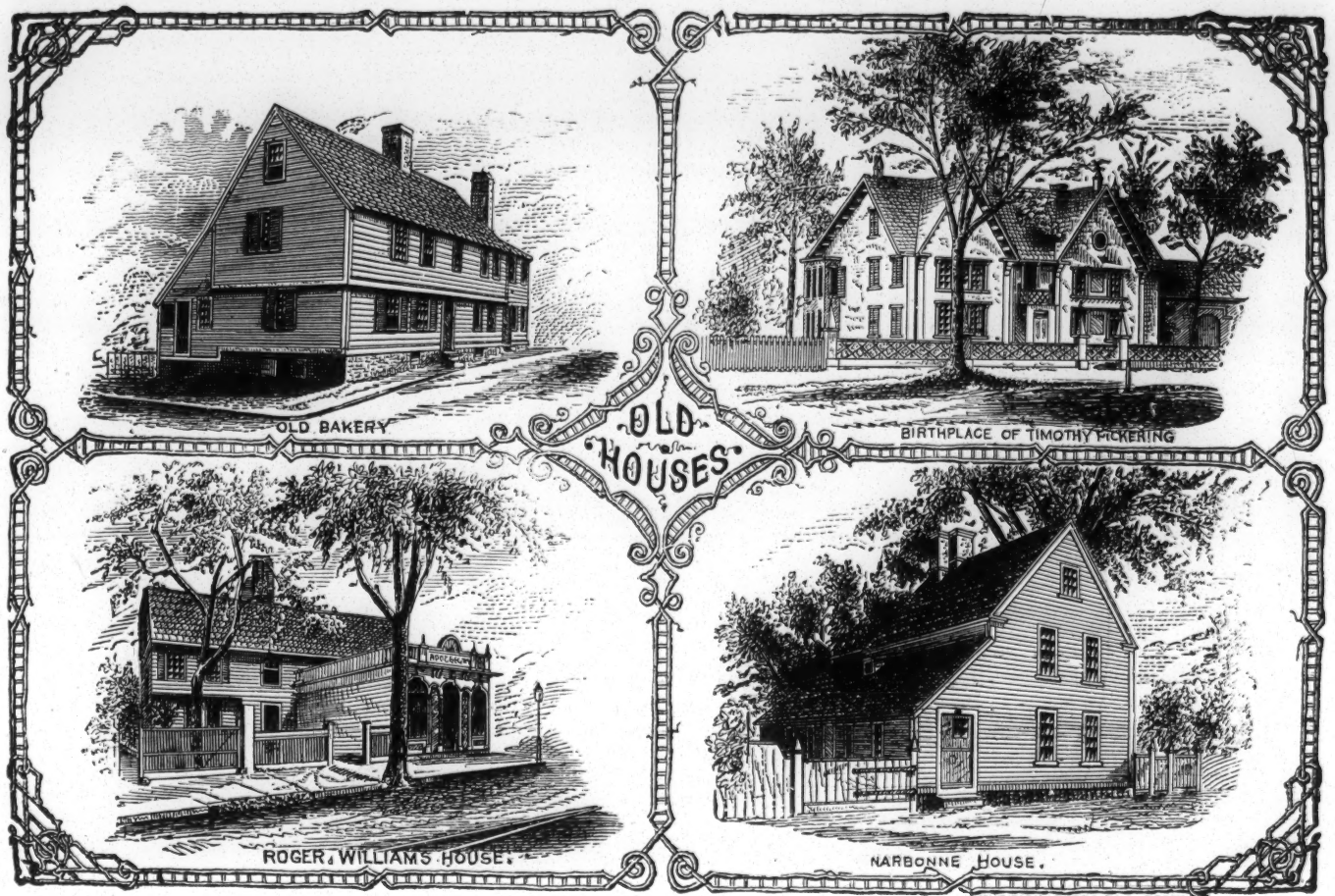
"Go home, lazy hussy, and churn it."

"I have churned all day, Nabbie, and the cream wouldn't butter; at last, in anger, I threw it into the fire."

"Threw it into the fire, did ye?" shrieked the old woman in a tone so terrible that the visitor moved backward toward the door. "Then you can't have any butter here, for I fell into the fire and burned myself to-day, till I am like to die." Compassion mingling with her fear, the good woman now offered her services to alleviate the old witch's distress, when there was a stir in the inner appartment, and old Nabbie darted forth, swathed from head to foot in red flannel, smelling so strong of brimstone as to suffocate her. Before her stood the black cat with tail and back bristling, and eyes blazing like coals of fire in the darkness. With a shriek the good woman fled, nor paused until she was safe locked from the sight of witch or devil within her own door.

Notwithstanding this and many other such tales, Nabbie so far survived her evil reputation as to die a peaceful death, and receive Christian burial from the hands of her neighbors.

One of the most remarkable stories comes from England, and runs as follows:—


OLD HOUSES
OLD BAKERY
BIRTHPLACE OF TIMOTHY PICKERING
ROGER WILLIAMS HOUSE.
NARBONNE HOUSE.
W. B. FEISH. PHOTO-ENG. BOSTON.

SALEM, MASS.

WITCHCRAFT IN LANCASHIRE.

DURING the reign of James I. and his successors, the Long Parliament, and the usurpation of Cromwell, there was no abatement in the persecution of witches. James, who was born, nursed, and cradled in fear and superstition, was a weak-minded monarch of mean spirit and of but average intelligence. He was a poor scion of the haughty, dauntless, but impolitic race of Stuarts from which he sprang. He revived the spirit of persecution, so that thousands suffered death during his terrible reign. The records of the witch persecutions in England alone, establish the fact that those who suffered at Salem were comparatively few; that it was neither the number, nor manner of punishment that has given such vivid immortality to these events, but rather the fact that here, in New England, were enacted the death-struggles of an expiring belief.

Beard compares our ancestors to the "vultures that follow and feed on the floating refuse of the ship; so he declares America has followed and fed on the forgotten philosophies and cast-off cruelties of Europe:" there where the storm raged for ages with rivers of human blood, here was but a rivulet made by the thin cloud of the flying tempest.

"Every one," says MacKay, "has heard of the witches of Lancashire, a term now applied to ladies of that locality in compli-

ment to their beauty, but few have heard the origin of the expression." A poor boy by the name of Robinson, whose father was a woodman in Pendle Forest, Lancashire, spread abroad the rumor that an old woman by the name of Dickenson, commonly called Mother Dickenson, was a witch. He said while gathering plums he espied two hounds that he supposed were the property of some gentleman in the neighborhood; but, as they were alone, and being fond of a course, he started a hare, and endeavored to incite the hounds to follow. Not obeying, he attempted to switch them, when one started up in the form of Mother Dickenson, and the other became a small boy. Mother Dickenson now implored him not to betray her secret, at the same time endeavoring to persuade him to give himself to the service of Satan, offering him gold and many other temptations; but he withstood and defied the witch, when, becoming angry, she plucked a bridle from her pocket, and shaking it over the head of the small boy transformed him into a horse. Seizing Robinson, she placed him before her. Away they went in a mad gallop through the air, over woodland and plain, hill and river, to some distant spot in the midst of which was a large barn. He was dragged into this place, where there were seven other hags pulling upon halters that hung from the roof. Down came pieces of cooked meat, porringers of milk, butter, bread, pudding, and all that a rustic fancy might produce for a feast. When the supper was ready other witches came to partake of it.

The boy was taken before a justice, where he swore to the truth of this tale, in company with his father, who had discovered, it is quite probable, that witch-hunting was a profitable business, as he had been engaged in it some years before.

From the justice he was sent with a proper escort to search the churches for witches. "This boy," says Webster, "was brought into the church of Kildwick, a parish church, where I, being curate there, was preaching at the time, to look about him, which made some little disturbance at the time." After prayers Webster approached the boy, attempting to question him, but was denied the privilege by the persons accompanying him.

"I did desire some discourse with the boy in private, but that they utterly denied. I took the boy near me and said, 'Good boy, tell me truly, and in earnest, did'st thou see and hear such strange things of the motion of the witches as many do report that thou dost relate, or did some person teach it to thee?' But the two men did pluck the boy from me, and said he had been examined by the justice, who asked no such questions." Many years after the young man confessed that he had been instructed to tell this tale for which Mother Dickenson and many more suffered. This occurred in the year 1613.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE WITCH STORY.

THE following story will illustrate how deeply rooted and widespread was the belief in witches, even after the great excitement and severe lessons administered by the judicial decisions of 1692.

A man living in the central part of the State of New Hampshire was greatly troubled in his house by unseemly sights and sounds. Every means was used to quiet the unhappy ghost that was supposed to walk; but all proved unavailing until a stout-hearted neighbor offered to occupy the house for a night, if they would vacate it, when he alone would lay the unquiet spirit.

In accordance with this agreement the family went on a visit to an adjoining town, and the neighbor, whose name was Turner, took possession of the premises. The house was of one story, consisting of a kitchen, sitting-room, and bedroom on the ground-floor, and an unfurnished loft above, reached by a ladder. "On the night in question," says Chase, who vouches for the authenticity of the story, "Turner, having replenished the fire in the enormous fireplace, — one of those comfortable fireplaces which an old-fashioned kitchen always contained, and which occupied nearly one whole side of the room," — Turner, I say, having rolled on some logs, sat a while in the chimney

corner with his hands resting upon his knees, as he gazed at the burning brands. Tongues of flame leaped from the smoking logs and whirled away up the chimney, and their roaring, as they disappeared, seemed changed to unearthly tones — now soft and musical, now hoarse and low, like distant thunder. The firelight playing through the shadows of the room transformed them upon the wall into the weird and changing shapes of his fancy. They appeared to rise from the flames and brandish their arms and sink again, only to be succeeded by others more fearful. Disturbed by the pictures of his imagination, he went to the window, pushed aside the curtain, seeking pleasanter themes for his revery in a contemplation of the world without. He saw the plumed heads of the pines tossing beneath a wild sky, over which flew, like brooding birds of ill-omen, the black rack of a dry tempest, while beneath the moon played a thousand fantastic shadows. He returned to his seat upon the hearth, and threw another log upon the fire. As yet he had nothing to fear more tangible than his imagination. Why did he tremble? It was as if his heart was conscious of a malign and invisible power hovering near, ready at any moment to make itself apparent to his natural vision; however, he bethought himself of his boasted courage, and, while the room was illumined by the bright blaze upon the hearth, he determined to disrobe and retire. Accordingly, he opened the door of the bedroom, with its high-posted bed and white counterpane and pillows, looking more ghostly than comfortable, and made good haste to get between the sheets.

No sooner had he made himself comfortable in this situation than, on looking through the open door into the kitchen, to his

horror he beheld a monstrous black cat sitting upon the hearth and staring at him with eyes like coals of fire, and as large as a man's fist. Now, that having happened which he had been secretly dreading since he first entered the house, he got out of bed; with an invincible determination he crept softly to the hearth, seized the shovel, and dealt the creature such a blow between the eyes that the shovel rebounded with such force as to nearly fly out of his hand. Still the black demon sat and stared, apparently uninjured. Not daunted by his failure to produce an impression upon the skull of the enemy, he followed up this mode of attack until he gradually forced the animal to retreat to the stout door, where, with one final effort, he dealt a blow sufficient to have felled an ox, and which succeeded in driving it — the cat, witch, or demon — straight through the oaken panel. After having accomplished this deed he retired to the bed again, where he slept undisturbed until morning.

Before leaving his neighbor's house he went to the barn to turn the cattle to pasture, but, upon taking a "count of stock," he discovered a calf was missing. His search was unavailing. He could not easily account for its disappearance, as the doors had been locked and the key in his possession during the night. Finally, abandoning the search, he drove the rest of the herd to pasture, thinking profoundly by the way upon the mystery of the cat, and the calf's disappearance. Upon entering the pasture his ears were greeted by a mournful bleating, that proceeded from the trunk of a fallen tree. He retraced his steps, procured an axe, and, upon re-entering the pasture, he proceeded to split open the tree, when lo and behold! there lay the calf in an aperture just fitted to his body. It was discovered, upon care-

ful investigation, that the calf, which soon died of its injuries, had actually been drawn through a knot-hole in the barn. But this is not all; for upon returning to his home he was accosted on the way by the grandson of an old neighbor, who implored him to come into the house, saying that his grandmother had been taken sick in the night of some strange and fearful malady, and he feared she must die. Upon entering the old woman's bed-chamber, judge of his astonishment to find her beaten black and blue, and, as she gave unmistakable signs of hatred toward himself and the persons whose house she had visited, he was glad to retire immediately from such unpleasant company. The old woman, whom none had hitherto suspected of witchcraft, died that very day of her injuries; and with her demise all trouble in the neighborhood ceased.

WITCHCRAFT IN SWEDEN.

It having been reported to the King of Sweden that the little village of Mohra was exceedingly troubled with witches, he appointed a commission of clergy and laymen to trace the rumor to its source. The commission arrived Aug. 12, 1669, to the great joy of the people. On the following day the entire populace was assembled in church and a sermon preached on the miserable condition of those who suffered themselves to be deluded by the Devil. A fervent prayer was offered that God would remove the scourge from among them, after which they adjourned to the rector's house, filling the street before it. The king's commission was read, charging each to tell all they knew concerning the witches among them. The occasion was rendered so solemn and impressive that men, women, and children wept while they promised to tell all they knew. The following day they were again assembled, and many depositions were taken. The result of this investigation was that seventy persons were executed.

It was a singular feature of these extraordinary delusions, that so many condemned themselves. Beard attributes the entire cause to trance, hysteria, muscle-reading, insanity, in involuntary life the interaction of mind and body, and allied nervous phenomena. In the case of accusation when the party was not self-ac-

THE HOUSE WHERE WITCHCRAFT STARTED, NOW DANVERS, MASS.

cused, it could be easily explained on the ground of personal jealousy and hatred. Two people or families quarrelled, a bitter enmity grew up between them, one was revengeful enough to accuse the other of witchcraft, and there was an end of it between the magistrates and the grave. One evident cause of confession was the fear of torture, or the pain of the rack. This must have been especially true in the cases of children and weak-minded persons. It made little difference whether they confessed or not, since few accused escaped death. In the drowning test, if they sank, they escaped burning and left an honorable name; but if the bag in which they were sewed chanced to float, then they were either hanged or burned. A few intrepid spirits defied accusation to death, but oftener the victims covered themselves with the ignominy of self-accusation, driven to it by fear, torture, insanity, or some strange phenomenal cause not understood. Such was the case with these seventy, many of them children, at Mohra. They confessed that they all went to a gravel pit that lay near a crossway, that they put a vest on their heads and danced round and round and *round* about. Then they called three times upon the Devil, the first time in a small, still voice, the second time somewhat louder, the third very loudly, with these words, "Antecessor, come and carry us to Blockula." This invocation never failed to bring him. He generally appeared as a little old man with gray coat and red and blue stockings. He wore a tall hat wound round with linen cloth, and wore a red beard that reached nearly to his knees. The first question he put to them was, would they serve him soul and body. Being answered in the affirmative, he gave them a horn, in which the scrapings and filings from altars and church clocks were

mixed with a salve, with which they anointed themselves. This being done, goats, asses, horses, pigs, and horned toads were conjured up for their use, and away they sailed under the moon like a troop of black bats for the wonderland of Satan and his servants, Blockula. Blockula was minutely described as an endless meadow, in the midst of which was a spacious and grand house, where the prince of darkness entertained his guests with royal magnificence. Sumptuous feasts, wild orgies, bacchanalian songs, and downy beds of milky whiteness, were the award of merit the Devil gave the witches. They might sleep at Blockula all night, but if they did not perform during the day the office of tormenting their mortal kind, of seducing souls from the worship of God and the love of truth, or bringing children from their beds to visit Blockula (for Satan in those days especially desired the company of children), his satanic majesty assumed the *rôle* of grand inquisitor; when, with thorned whips, he beat the delinquents in his service every night before tea. Novices were also locked up and branded, that none might go astray from the precious fold. When the official business was over he often grew merry, and obligingly fiddled for them to dance. Men, women, and children told this story, says MacKay, and in consequence suffered death.

JOHN HUMBLE'S RIDE AND THE WITCHES' SABBATH.

Somewhere in the annals of witchcraft an amusing incident is related of a poor peasant whose lord was supposed to have dealings with the Devil, to whom, it was averred, he owed much of his magnificence.

Now John Humble had heard wonderful stories of Blockula, of the feasting and merrymaking there, of the ride on the broomstick, and that Satan, however black he was painted, was not withal an uncomfortable master; hence his horror of evil was subordinate to his curiosity, his avarice, and love of pleasure.

He determined, after much consideration, to watch his master, who was said to make nightly visits to the famous retreat of witches and wizards. Accordingly, under the midnight moon, he discovered the lord of the manor stealing toward the forest, and secretly followed him. In the edge of the wood the master paused under the shadow of a great rock; and, conveniently near to hear and see all that transpired, the servant concealed himself in the bushes. Three times his master smote the rock, crying, —

> "Antecessor, Antecessor, over the fire,
> Over the bush and over the brier,
> Carry me."

Then taking up a stone he spat upon it, rubbing it over his head, whereupon he rose without visible force, and sailed up and away astride a hemlock broom. Stumbling, John Humble rushed to the spot his master had vacated, and, smiting the rock and spitting on the stone, which in his haste he rubbed not upon his head, but the seat of his pants, he cried, —

> "Antecessor, through the fire,
> Through the bush and through the brier,
> Carry me."

Straightway an ugly imp appeared, thrusting a crooked stick between his legs that switched the unhappy man through the

bush and through the brier, until he was torn and bleeding at every vein.

Gladly would he now have relinquished his project, but an invisible power bound and controlled him. Faster and faster he flew through the dismal woods, dashed against every obstacle that interposed in his course, until he felt every bone in his body was broken; still away he flew, like Mazeppa on his wild charger, over great tracts of desolate country where there was no sign of human habitation, until, in the world, he believed he was being borne on his last journey out of the world. Bitterly he regretted his unholy curiosity, and, most thoroughly frightened by the awful dilemma in which Satan had placed him, he called upon God to relieve him. Instantly the holy name passed his lips, Satan appeared with angry visage, hit him a blow across the back that landed him in an insensible condition in his own bed. There he lay bruised and torn many days after this exploit, but never again ventured to penetrate infernal mysteries.

The witches and wizards were supposed to hold a Sabbath as a sort of examination day. The black book of Satan was presented them on this occasion, and they also received, with some general instructions, small images of persons to be tormented. These effigies were generally stuffed with hair, and, by pinching and pounding them, the persons, however distant, would receive similar impressions. Poison could be administered to these insensible representatives, and the individual would sicken and die. Satan on these occasions generally assumed the favorite form of a large male goat with two faces, one between his fore-shoulders, and one behind, upon his haunches. It was the duty of the witches to conclude all official ceremonies by kissing the face

behind. Private marks were bestowed, such as warts, moles, or callous flesh, such as may often be found on the bodies of aged persons; and for these signs professional prickers sought, probing them with long pins. At one time Satan, falling from his throne, feigned death, to learn if his people would lament for him. The witches set up a great cry, each weeping three tears, which gratified him so exceedingly that he sprang up and embraced them. There was on those impious Sabbaths the usual amount of fiddling, feasting, and dancing that was ever supposed to attend the orgies of Satan.

As late as 1682 Susanna Edwards, Mary Trembles, and Temperance Loyed were hanged at Exeter for witchcraft. This is supposed to be the last execution in England under judicial authority.

But as the upper strata of society became purified of the foul miasma of superstition and cruelty, the prejudice and passion of the ignorant masses, that believed all the most fabulous horror of demonology, were accordingly excited, and expressions of indignation, in afflicted communities, were freely indulged in against those who administered the laws, and the unfortunates they now began mercifully to protect. They attempted on several occasions to take the law in their own hands, and mete out, according to their ideas, justice or punishment to the supposed offenders. A case in point was that of an old woman, who, being suspected of witchcraft, to appease the wrath, or win the good will of her neighbors, offered to undergo the ducking experiment to prove her innocence. She was taken to the bank of a small stream, her cap torn from her head, her thumbs and toes tied together, a long rope tied about her middle, and she was

cast into the river. Unfortunately, her head remained out of water. She was dragged out, and, while lying half dead upon the bank, most brutally treated. One of the bystanders attempting to defend her was insulted and hooted. It was then proposed, by some shrewd sympathizer, that she be weighed with the church Bible, saying that surely the Word of God would outweigh all the artifices of the Devil. The character of the people may be determined by the fact that they accepted this reasoning, and she was actually put into the scales with a Bible weighing twelve pounds. The balance fell so decidedly in her favor that they were obliged to acquit her, although it was grudgingly done.

A man by the name of Hopkins gained such notoriety in discovering witches in England, that he was called the witch-finder-general. From county to county he travelled, exercising his dreadful functions, under the protection and patronage of the law. His trade was profitable, and he applied it with vigor, using all the various methods to extract confessions, such as ducking, swimming, starving, the rack, and waking. This last was a most cruel torture; the heads of the victims being placed in an arrangement of iron hoops, they were fastened to the wall so as to oblige them to stand at their extreme height, a position that was easily fatiguing. A hoop passing beneath the chin was hooked at the top of the head, and the mouth was kept open with props. They were given neither food nor water, nor were they allowed to show any signs of weariness. Did their head incline ever so slightly, or their eyes close an instant, they were probed with long pins, until nature could endure no more agony, and they either confessed all that a fanatical or malignant spirit

COURT TRIAL OF WITCHES.

might suggest, or they fainted or died from horror or fatigue. In 1647 Hopkins, perceiving that the law and the tide of public opinion were setting against him, abated somewhat the cruelties he had formerly practised. But it was necessary that witches be found, or his calling perished. A miserable old woman residing near Hoxne fell into his hands, and, being waked, she confessed the usual enormities, declaring the name of her imp was Nan. A gentleman in the neighborhood was so indignant at these proceedings that he went to the house and forcibly took the victim from her tormentor. After administering the necessary comforts of life, — food, fire, and rest, — he questioned her regarding her alleged confession. The woman, who had been tortured and terrified out of her wits, could remember nothing she had said, except that she had a favorite pullet she had called Nan.

These transactions on the part of Hopkins, when a more rational spirit had begun to prevail, determined the people to put him to his own tests. Accordingly, they accused him of being in league with the Devil, seized, tied him up, and threw him in the river, where, despite his protests and entreaties, he was allowed to perish.

The question may arise, Whence came this belief in demonology and witchcraft, and how did it gain such ascendency in the minds of men, so that the great and gifted, as well as the ignorant and low, were involved in its dilemma? Without discussing the intuitions of mankind that recognize in the spark of divinity within them the essence of immortality, and the belief that the higher entity of spirit when dismissed from its mortal state yet moves among, intelligently manifests itself to, and influences the actions of men, we will consider, if you

please, the less abstract causes as existing in the conditions of society.

These causes were various and complex. They rose first in the political hemisphere where party animosity, national jealousies, and hatred, assumed this wicked policy in dealing with prisoners of such illustrious name or birth; no other charge could be preferred and supported that would criminate them. This was the position of the Maid of Orleans. The Duke of Bedford sought to change the fickle fancy of the French by debasing her character, and to destroy all sympathy, by laying to her the monstrous charge of witchcraft, or dealing with unholy powers to accomplish her purpose.

To the same cause may be attributed the trial of the Duchess of Gloucester, who was accused of witchcraft and banished to the Isle of Man, while her accomplices died in prison. The open charge was witchcraft, the real issue was political, growing out of the hatred between the Duke of Gloucester and Cardinal Beaufort, his half-brother. The same pretext was used by the ugly hunchback king, Richard III., in accusing Jane Shore, the queen dowager, and the queen's kinsmen, and was further directed by that villanous prince against Morton, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, with other adherents of the Earl of Richmond. The object of these charges was, that while the belief in demonology was taught and supported by the Church of Rome, they were more easily made, and with great difficulty eluded.

In 1398 the University of Paris, in laying down rules for judicial prosecution of witches, expressed their regret that the crime of witchcraft was increasing. The more severe the

inquiry and the punishment by which the judges endeavored to check the unholy practice, the more general it became, as is always the case with those morbid affections of the mind that depend on the imagination, being sure to be more common in proportion as public attention was directed to stories connected with their display and power. Definitely it named all of its signs and attributes, with such antidotes for evil as law and religion might apply to a defective and sinful generation. When we reflect that the proud æsthetics who framed these laws had not known the love of the wife and child, we are not surprised that the curse went forth so loudly, and fell so heavily upon the shoulders of the woman. It would seem to be humorously set forth in the "Hexehammer" why women were more exposed to the powers of Satan than men. "The holy fathers of the church," it says, "always assert that three things, whether for good or evil, know no bounds; namely, the tongue, a priest, and a woman. As to the tongue, it is quite clear that the Holy Ghost conferred fiery tongues on the apostles; amongst preachers the tongue is like the tongues of dogs that licked the sores of Lazarus. So amongst all men, amongst the clergy, as well as others, there are wicked and unwholesome tongues. As to women, it is also very clear, for the wise Solomon gives his opinion concerning them, and what St. Chrysostom says does not sound very flattering: 'Marriage is a very doubtful thing; for what is a woman but an enemy to friendship, an unavoidable punishment, a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable misfortune, a domestic danger, a perpetual fountain of tears, a mischief of nature, overlaid with glittering varnish?'" Seneca says, "A woman loves or hates, there is no third course; if she weeps, there is deceit

afloat, for two sorts of tears bedew the eyes of women: the one kind is evidence of their pain, the other, of their deceit and their cunning." But of the good wives whom men and nations have praised, the saints of the church who are credited with a display of the rarest virtues of the sex, the "Witchhammer" is silent, proceeding from such premises to draw the conclusion that women are more likely to be addicted to the practice of sorcery than men: first, from their earnestness of faith; second, from the weakness of their constitution, from which they become more susceptible to revelations; third, on account of their slippery tongues and inquisitive wits, by which they tempt the Devil; that is to say, put questions to him, get too far with him to get back again."

A whole host of crimes are then enumerated against the female sex, such as squabbling, envy, stiffneckedness, because they were made out of Adam's crooked rib. Already in Paradise Eve practised deceit and showed lack of faith; for *feminia* comes from *fe*, faith, and *minus*, less, meaning less faith.

"The Bull of Innocent VIII. opened a wide door to the most terrific tyranny of past ages," says Dr. Ennemoser; "body and life, honor and estate, were given up, a prey to the will of ignorant and fanatic wizards, so that no one was any longer safe in his house, nor even in his sleep and dreams."

"Witchcraft and heresy had long been judged as twin sisters, and the Devil, as the universal enemy, was the soul and mainspring of the system. The spiritual power deemed itself bound to proclaim eternal war against him; and it was thought that success was the most certain if they seized his allies and destroyed them."

The dreams, fables, romances, the philosophy of magic, from the magnetic and poetical East flowed Westward and amalgamated with the stronger, more material spirit of the Teutonic races.

From a land of beauty and plenty, where nature provided an abundance, where man, with his slow methods of labor, found time for contemplation of the marvellous creation spread about him in imposing grandeur, beheld himself, in whom nature first became conscious, the centre of a universe, treading a labyrinth of laws, the wondrous workings of which were everywhere apparent, but the cause being so imperfectly understood, imagination usurped the rule of reason and led his senses captive into a world of vagaries and visions. These visions assumed the shape of realities, accumulated and flowed from mind to mind, until angels and devils appeared at will; invisible influences controlled all the actions of men, until the full tide flowed into the mythological teaching of Greece, where none might raise his hand as high as his head without touching an invisible deity. Nor is this sufficient: wondrous beings from time to time appeared along the march of ages, leaving indelible footprints in the sands of time, leading outward, ever toward the incomprehensible mystery of being, on the dark side of nature. Natural healers, great physicians, poets, philosophers, prophets, made the truth apparent that man was a living soul, capable of disuniting the forces of life, transcending the bounds of time and space, of predicting the future, and revealing the past; of performing miracles, of attracting and repelling organic, or even inorganic, life, and of exerting influences either beneficial or malign, according as the will and spirit were fashioned.

In the East the exercise of this power was ever vested with a solemnity and dignity that, whether good or evil, impressed the mind with a sense of grandeur; but the Christian era, laying ruthless hands upon the ancient faith, but broke the vessel, only to become more deeply imbrued with a spirit of grosser superstition. Denying the power of Isis, they yet recognized infernal and malevolent influences. Man lives ever in a world of his own images, gross or refined according to the creature who creates them. With the coarser, more forceful Romanic, Anglo-Romanic, and Teutonic races, the poetry of magic passed away; with a stern realism they faced a natural phenomena with credulity, ignorance, and question, inspired by no holier motive than terror of what they could not understand, and determination to crush out a God-implanted, and therefore eternal, principle.

The case of Catherine Emmerich may be cited as one of a class that created a profound impression upon the age, and opened the way for imposture by those who sought notoriety by such marvellous exhibitions.

Catherine Emmerich was a girl of humble origin, but of a peculiarly sensitive and delicate organization. She developed early in life remarkable powers, having unusual vision and dreams, foretelling the future, and gathering herbs in the fields for the remedy of disease, concerning which a child was supposed to have no knowledge. Her fame grew abroad as a prophetess, and, being of a religious turn of mind, she was at about the age of seventeen placed in a convent. Her remarkable devotion to all religious exercises, and peculiar manner, was a subject of comment among the sisters. She would sometimes

rise in the night and fashion and sew the garments of infants, without light or recollection of her action. Again, with perfect memory, she would declare that she could see and find objects in the darkest night that it was utterly impossible to have discovered by natural vision.

Finally she became subject to cataleptic states that would occur at regular intervals. During this period she would lie for days without partaking of food or drink, but with a perfectly natural color and appearance. She would often discourse in this sleep with the eloquence of learned men; employing language that was far beyond her simple comprehension. Again, upon certain days of the week, a circle of pricked marks would appear around her forehead, and in the palms of her hands were red punctures; upon her side appeared a long red mark, as were also shown upon her feet; while upon her bosom was to be seen a double cross in red lines, clearly defined, under which lay something resembling a dark clover leaf. She would be forced to retire to her bed, where she would lie in great agony until the wounds bled, which ever occurred on Good Friday, when she would profess to be relieved. From far and near the learned and scientific men of Germany came to the bedside of the sick nun to observe, but none could give any explanation of the phenomenon.

Such appearances as these made the fact apparent to their reason, that certain individuals were gifted with extraordinary powers. Some sought for the mystery as resident within, others ascribed it to an external and invisible power.. It was an easy step from such observation for some to believe that men or women might be, and were obsessed, and possessed by their own

will and inclination, and that under such circumstances they were capable of producing either good or evil results upon the rest of humanity. Mrs. Jones of Boston, possessing the power of healing the sick and of predicting the course of disease, was for this cause suspected of dealing with unholy powers, and, prior to 1692, was arrested and executed.

From the twelfth to the seventeenth century the craze grew, until as many devils and ghosts and witches possessed the minds of men, as gods that were supposed to influence an ancient household. There were witches that presided at child-birth, marking or strangling unlucky infants, who raised the wind and controlled the awful forces of nature, so as to be able to blast trees, blight the crops, and kill their enemies. We may quote the following from Dr. Ennemoser's "History of Magic," regarding the beliefs of the seventeenth century in Germany.

THE WILLARD PREPARATORY COLLEGE AND HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,
DANVERS, MASS.

WITCHCRAFT IN GERMANY.

THE Devil appeared as a handsome young man and amorously disposed. When it is too late the witches first perceived the horse-foot, or the goose-foot. He then compels them to renounce God, baptizes them, and gives them a new name; at the same time he conceals his own. Sometimes he approaches as a mouse, crow, or fly, but soon assumes the human form. After repeated intercourse with him the witches only receive small presents of money, which, in fact, was only disguised filth. He appoints certain days on which they shall visit him, or he fetches them to nightly feasts, which are celebrated in the company of other devils and witches; he sits before them on fire-shovel, tongs, or a horse on which he rides. They find at the place of rendezvous, dead witches and ladies of station. By throwing stones at the sunset they produced hail and thunder; if they bind together the legs of a white horse they can heal the broken bones of absent persons; if at a wedding they turn the key in the lock, and throw the key into the water, which is called tying a witch knot, until the knot is found the married pair will remain without children. They delight to find themselves at cross roads; they can go in and out of keyholes, and when three candles are set upon a table they have power to do evil. These are a few of the qualifications and habits of witches

mentioned by Dr. Ennemoser. Extravagant as were these fancies and beliefs, they still possess the minds, to a limited degree, of many old people of the present day.

Not many years since, a worthy deacon connected with the Baptist Church of S——, related to me the following story, as the cause of his conversion. While I was sowing my oats in the wild days of my young manhood, I became acquainted with a young lady who was possessed of my own reckless spirit. She could do many things that, in my time and locality, were thought to be unmaidenly. She could dance, fiddle, and play cards. Now in the days when cards and dice were reckoned to be the Devil's device, he who handled them did these things, it was declared, at the peril of his soul. Nevertheless, she dared me to a game with her, and not caring to be outdone by the boldness of my companion, I promised to be one of a party of four who would meet at her house on the following evening. When the time arrived I kept my word. The early portion of the evening was passed with much rude jesting and unseemly conduct, so that it was nearly ten o'clock before we sat down to the table, a gentleman and lady on either side, to play a game with which I was wholly unacquainted. My young hostess took me as her partner, assuring me that luck always favored her play. Notwithstanding this statement, we played game after game with a losing hand. There was some weird fascination in the bits of colored pasteboard that were cast to and fro between us upon the table; we played with a feverish intensity, gambling for small pieces of money that we continually lost. Finally, angry and exasperated by our repeated misfortune, she threw down her hand angrily, crying, "The Devil is in the luck!" add-

ing, "I'd give my soul to the Devil to win a game to-night!" From that moment our luck began to change. I noticed the circumstance with creepings of terror, but dared not, in such a company, excite contempt by voicing my sentiment and impressions. We continued to the end, when we won the last trick, and the game was ours, the first of the evening. Laughing triumphantly, she rose from the table, making a playful turn upon her toes about the room. A fearful presentiment of approaching evil compelled my gaze to follow her every movement. Her cheeks glowed with unusual color, and a wild light blazed in her dark eyes. Suddenly she paused with a cry of terror, and her skirts burst into a cloud of fire. I cannot, to this day, account for the singular circumstance, unless, as I then believed and still believe, the Devil, being present, granted her desire, and claimed his promise. Mad with fright she dashed through the open door into the cool night air, and threw her body upon the damp earth; but, before anything could be done to extinguish the flames, she was burned to death.

The world is as full of witchcraft to-day as in 1692, or any previous period, only that we pursue a more reasonable policy, and have given new names to the old enemy. While writing this work I called at the house of a dear friend and very estimable Salem lady. In discussing the subject of witchcraft, she laughingly declared she believed the power of witchcraft was yet made manifest in the affairs of ordinary mortals, "for," she continued, "I think I have been bewitched. My sister," she proceeded to explain, "who died a few years ago, left me a very elegant set of jewellery. On dressing for the street one morning recently, I discovered that one of the ear jewels was missing.

I searched for it high and low throughout the house, but I could not find it. As the gift of my dear departed sister, I prized it so exceedingly that I wept bitterly, trying all the time to recall my latest impression concerning the possession of it. I remembered that I called at the house of a friend on the previous evening, and, thinking it possible that I might have dropped it there, I hastened to inform her of my misfortune. Together we sought the missing jewel, but it could not be found. The next morning was Sunday, and I rose with a heavy heart to dress for church. All at once I was possessed of an unaccountable buoyancy of spirit that hurried me through my preparations, and into the street. Something seemed secretly whispering, 'You will find your jewel.' I hurried along in the direction of the church, where many people were passing to and fro, when all at once I was impelled to stop, my eyes fixed upon the walk, and lo and behold! there at my feet lay the missing jewel." The truth of this lady's statement was not to be questioned.

During the Thirty Years' war, Annie Fliescher of Freiburg created a great sensation in Germany. She had visions and revelations, and suffered from epilepsy and terrible convulsions, so that in her paroxysms she was thrown hither and thither, as by the Devil's power, and often raised from her bed. She climbed up tall stones and roofs, and placed herself in the utmost peril, while she sang holy songs. In her transports she saw a shining youth, who brought her the revelations, and exhorted her to do good work; but the Devil tempted her, appeared to her in all sorts of temptations and plagues, so that her body was torn, her limbs dislocated, and, after the attacks, were again reset by the youth. Moller says that the wrenching and agita-

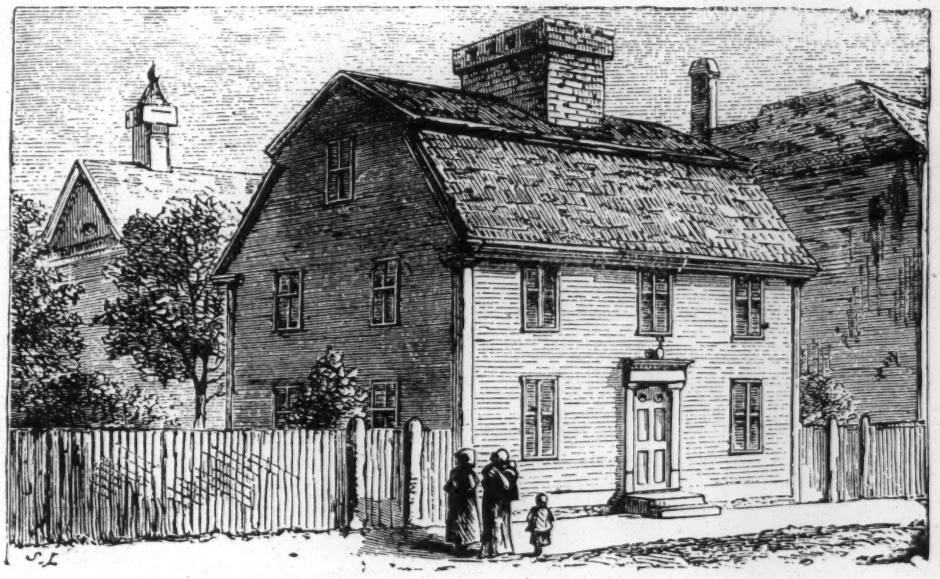
tion and restoration of her limbs were as if they were being handled by surgeons, he having witnessed the strange performance in company with two physicians and many other persons of the city.

This may sound, even when accredited by such witnesses, dreamy and unreal representations of the imagination; yet after centuries have passed I have been an eye-witness of the most singular and unaccountable demonstrations, in company with many other persons who were privately called to watch the subject. A young man of my acquaintance, some six years ago, was seized by an invisible power that would completely prostrate him at times, twisting and tearing his lower limbs in the most horrible manner. A physician was at one time consulted, but could not account for the extraordinary movement, his mind being, during these attacks, in a perfectly normal condition. When he had been tormented for more than a year almost continually in this manner, he had the impression one evening of being seized by invisible hands. He cried aloud, and shook with terror, until his mind became insensible to its outer surroundings. Although the convulsions of his body were terrible, his features assumed a serene and happy expression. He soon began to converse as with an invisible spirit, and his lower limbs, that were withered and deformed, were raised and turned and twisted as if by those accustomed to examine injured members; then the hip of the left side was pushed back and forth in the socket, until every person in the room could plainly hear the grinding together of the bones, he all the time lying upon his back, smiling and conversing as if he was being questioned by a physician concerning his injuries. Nor was this all.

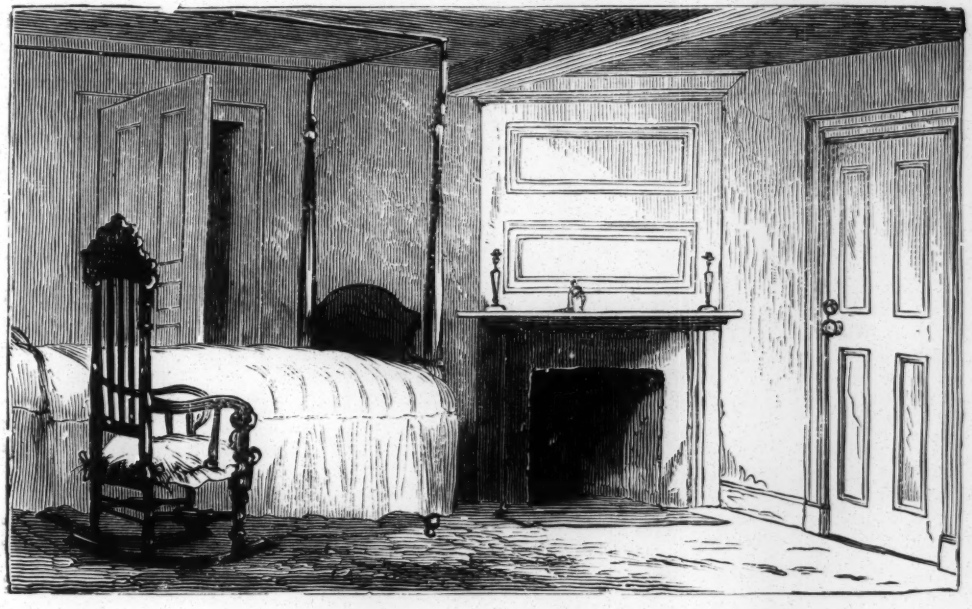
He informed us that he was in the hands of invisible friends, who had come to comfort him and cast out the devil that at times possessed and tormented him. As a proof of this fact he announced that he would rise and walk. Those acquainted with his condition might as soon have expected the dead to rise and perform such a feat. However, he rose from the floor upon which he had been thrown, crossed the room, entered and passed through a long hall, still farther, walked up-stairs, through a corridor, opened a chamber door, crossed it at a rapid gait, and seated himself upon a sofa, where he recovered his natural senses, with expressions of surprise and bewilderment, not recollecting anything beyond the first impression of being seized by the invisible hands, that had professed to guide him to this spot.

I merely cite these circumstances, divided by periods of hundreds of years, as evidence of the fact that there is nothing new under the sun, and that nothing old has really passed away excepting names and traditions.

In reference to the trouble in 1691 and 1692 Upham says that "great ignorance prevailed in reference to the influence of mind and body upon each other, while imagination was called into more extensive practice."



BIRTHPLACE OF HAWTHORNE.



HAWTHORNE'S BEDROOM.

THE ROSICRUCIANS.

WHO are they, and what are their beliefs? How do their theories apply to the subject of witchcraft? Away back in the twilight of history, among a race of shepherd kings, was formed a sacred priesthood, who, by the practice of the most rigid virtues, and extensive research into the land of shadows, discovered secret principles that they finally came to embody in a system of philosophy that was passed along the ages, became the property of the great, was reluctantly yielded to the stranger, and, when illustrious names had perished with a dead civilization, the Rosicrucian yet bore within him, from every race, to every clime, this divine heritage of the mighty thinkers of the past, from Thoth Mor, King of Egypt, to Hermes, whose Pymander was penned 600 B. C. down to the present century. I am able to speak with some authority, from my knowledge and connection with the supreme grand master, who formed a lodge in this country. Randolph, the Oriental scholar, the dreamer, enthusiast, the prophet, the seer; the friend of Lincoln, the compeer of Louis Napoleon, of Bulwer, of Agassiz, and a hundred other great and gifted men of the nineteenth century. Randolph, the madman, who, in an hour of disappointed ambition, — an ambition to lead a splendid army of intellect into the grandest regions of occult science, — swept with a reckless hand

the veil between the portals, casting his spirit, in bitter impatience with circumstances he could not formulate to his great purpose, upon that strange and awful sea, whose outward flow is toward the eternal light of spiritual ecstasy and peace.

The Rosicrucians, which is none other, doubtless, than the Egyptian system, are students of magic; not the tricks and fancies and vagaries of a traduced faith that was apparent in the ignorant credulity of the dark or Middle Ages, but a belief in the assertion of the grandest quality of the human soul, through the power of exalted virtue, that was not truth and beauty alone, but knowledge, that made its connection apparent with the creative energies of the universe, and revealed the mightiest secrets of nature; consequently they claimed, from time to time, unusual power, that commanded the awe and admiration of the race so long as witch, or wizard, were terms of wisdom applied to men and women.

No earth worm, no curious seeker of sensations, no sensual digger for dross that cramps the soul and soils the purity of the spirit, — the frippery of effervescent pleasures, the worldly toggery that men drop for dust and decay upon the stage of mortal action when the curtain of life is rung down, might hope for admittance to the secret chambers of knowledge, in the magical councils of the great, among this secluded brotherhood of Rosicrucians. What is the truth of the Rosicrucian claims I cannot pretend to say, but can give a few well-attested facts, circumstances, and illustrations. Was the Rosicrucian responsible for the dissemination of ideas that, when taking root in the mind of the ignorant or base speculator, exerted a malevolent influence, and, whether compelled by demons without or

demons within, bore such bitter fruit to humanity? Randolph, the Rosicrucian, disclaims for the order the practice of any other magic than that of the human will; but, as it is written, "by their works ye shall judge them," let us review briefly the practice and belief of this American exponent of Rosicrucian doctrines, with a few others of his class, embracing the school of theosophy, the dreams of alchemy, the holiest pretensions of the mystics: they stand with one foot across the border-line of human thought, purpose, and action, with vision beyond the veil, to trace the mightiest ascending and descending currents of divine thought, purpose, and action; all along the cloud-capped hills of the ages they appear as prophets, magicians, and philosophers, representing a sacred power between man and God.

We find this Randolph in the magnificent palace of an emperor, in a sacred council of three, predicting the fall of an empire three years prior to the Franco-Prussian War. We find him again predicting, less correctly, the condition and change of government at home, — claiming to be an avatar, gazing upon the black face of a magic mirror, burning incense, worshipping fire as a sacred symbol, believing in the doctrines of alchemy, and making mad experiments with chemical combinations, in the strictest secrecy, by which he hopes to discover the Elixir of Life; making a scientific principle of apparitions, signs, and presentiments, and teaching the hoodooism of unhealthy magnetism and malevolent will. We find him transcending his mortal state and condition so far as to scale the aerial spaces between worlds, and representing pictures from his grand outlook upon a spiritual universe, such as it would seem no man

ever painted in language before. We hear him claim a double existence, and many other strange things for which men and women were denounced and executed from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century. Cagliostro, who was a Rosicrucian, was summoned to appear before a tribunal at Rome, to answer there to the charge of dealing with unholy powers, and of cabalistic teachings and beliefs. This same magician, on being expelled from his kingdom by Frederick the Great, left the city of Berlin exactly at the hour of twelve by six different entrances. Each guard solemnly swore that Cagliostro left his gate at that hour, riding in his carriage, with powdered wig and dress of a character which each correctly described. At each gate were thousands of people who attested the fact. Previous to his expulsion from the kingdom, a lady of the court, wishing to test his marvellous powers, expressed a desire to enter the cabinet, saying that she would like to have the great magician produce the subject of her present thoughts. Cagliostro agreed to admit her, providing she would take an oath to maintain the strictest silence and subservience to his will during the experiment. This she finally agreed to do, after which the magician took her by the hand, and led her into a dark room. He now enveloped her head and face in a black velvet hood, then continued to lead her forward, and then in circles, holding her firmly, yet gently, all the while. He finally paused, withdrew the hood from her face, and softly informed her she might look around. She found herself, however, in such intense darkness that she could at first ascertain nothing. After a short time a luminous star became visible, which trembled at first, and then grew brilliant before her. With a significant pressure of the

hand he continued to hold, Cagliostro led her toward the light, that proved to be an orifice pierced in the wall. Through this aperture she looked into a room that appeared to be fitted up for magical purposes, with beautiful though strange devices and designs. A gentleman, elegantly clad in white satin and purple velvet, emblazoned with gold and silver emblems of honor and distinction, sat before a table, his back toward her, his face, in a thoughtful attitude, resting upon his hand. For a few moments she gazed upon this figure, which she could neither recognize nor believe to be an apparition, when he suddenly turned, as if aware of her presence, rose, and approached her. Judge of her grief and surprise when she beheld, not the subject of her thoughts, but the imposing figure and noble countenance of her husband. Overcome with grief and consternation, she was about to cry out, when the magician slipped the mantle, or hood, over her face again, turned her hurriedly about, and compelled her to leave the cabinet. White and angry, Cagliostro faced the equally white and tearful princess. He reproached her with the faithless intention of breaking the silence, saying, had she been permitted to do so that neither would have breathed again. She retaliated with equal excitement, charging him with imposture, since he had not, as previously agreed upon, produced the image of an absent friend, but the spectre of her dead lord. "It cannot be that I have cheated you, madam," he replied with dignity, "since it were a greater power to bring the dead to life than to present the image of those who are yet alive."

This story serves the purpose of illustration. Cagliostro travelled from kingdom to kingdom, displaying his powers to a

multitude that was everywhere confounded by the exhibition of them. At Zurich, in 1790 and 1791, he displayed the wonders of alchemy in the transmutation of metals, claimed to have discovered the Elixir of Life, was suspected of practising the cabalistic art, pretended to call up and exorcise spirits, and did indisputably predict future events. In his process of divination he would use a young boy, compelling him to kneel before a table upon which had been previously placed a basin of water and three candles. Instructing the boy to look into the water, he would place his hand upon his head, and, raising his face heavenward, would most solemnly address an invocation to the Almighty God, for the successful issue of his experiment. The child, now becoming clairvoyant, saw angels and many other beautiful objects. He also employed a young maiden, who told dangerous secrets and predicted future events. Again, he would sometimes transfer his power to others, by laying his hands upon them.

Being tried at Rome in 1791, he refuted the charge of dealing with unholy powers, declaring that his Egyptian system had nothing to do with the Church of Rome, and further declared that he had neither done nor meditated any evil to nations or individuals: he solemnly professed himself to be in the hands of God, to whom he looked for the forgiveness of his sins. He died in prison, to which he was committed for life in 1795, according to the generally accepted records, although it is sometimes claimed that he escaped, and reappeared in a new form, performing his old tricks again.

The Rosicrucian manifesto denies that they believe and prac-

tise magic, and yet we are made aware of the fact that they claim some portentous secret.

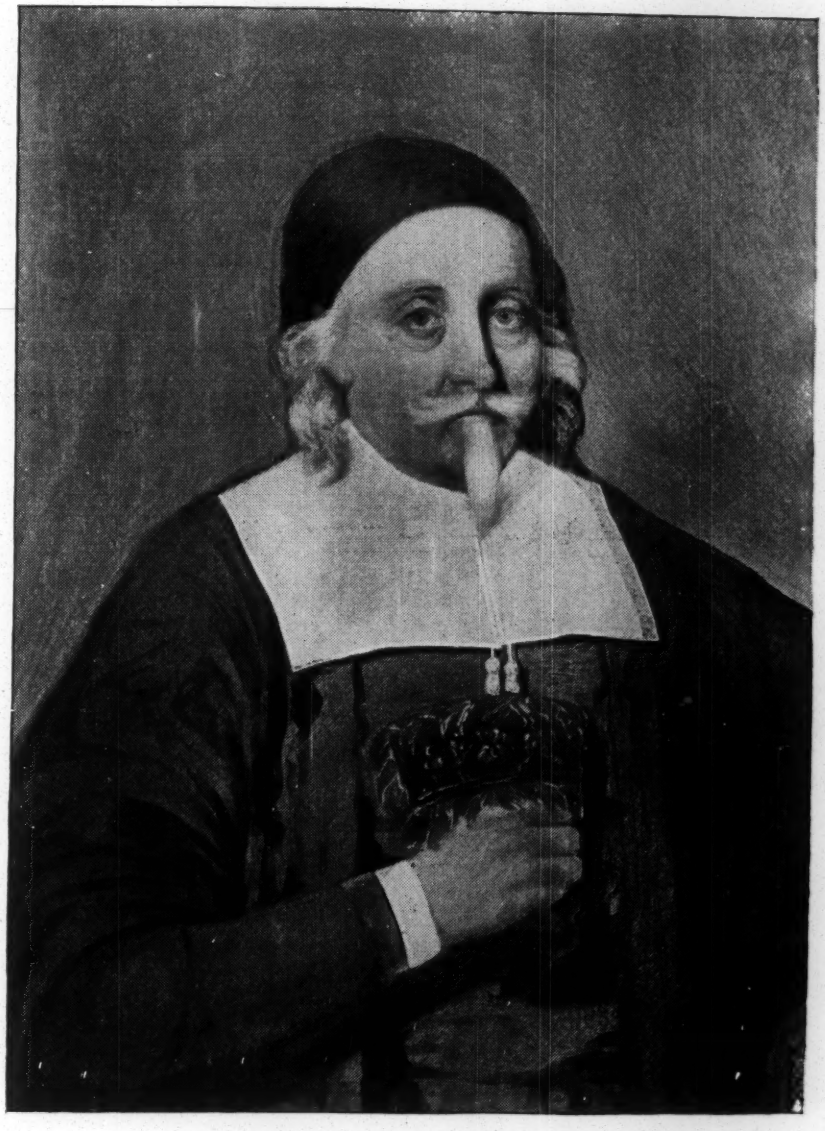
"We claim to know the *Grand Secret*, and to be able to teach mankind many things concerning the soul, will, prolongation of existence, and the concentration of energy, never dreamed of by the thinkers of colder latitudes. We freely admit our Oriental origin, character, and mode of thought, and challenge the showing of any great human idea that did not originate in the Eastern lands.

"We claim to *stand within the door of the dawn*, within the cryptic portals of the luminous worlds, and that the lamp that lights us is Love supreme!

"Unlike others, we do not recognize God as the Light, — for that can be seen and known, — but as the *unfathomable Shadow*, the unsearchable Centre, the impenetrable Mystery, the unimaginable *Majesty*, — utterly past discovery. We practise the pure, white, bright, effulgent, gloriously radiant magic of the human will, through and by which alone human passions are made to correct themselves."

Pythagoras, Paracelsus, Oswald, Guthman, Julius, Sperber, Valentin Weigel, and many more who were defenders of the cabalistic theories and teachers of magic, were nearly, if not all, Rosicrucians; others imbibed their doctrines by direct influence through their writings, became theosophists, independent, or theosophist Rosicrucians. Pythagoras drew his knowledge direct from the sacred priesthood of Egypt, having journeyed to that country for the purpose of becoming skilled in magic, with a letter to King Amasa from Polycrates, King of Samos.

The Rosicrucian connection with the ancient priesthood of Egypt, that sacred order that heralded the dawn of a splendid civilization, is not denied, and the undisguised identity of practice and belief would lead the least astute investigator to the conviction of a common source.



JO ENDICOTT, FIRST COLONIAL GOVERNOR.

EASTERN JUGGLERS.

NOT long since, a gentleman travelling in India for the purpose or investigating the political life and social customs of that country, gave to the public the following interesting account of a scene with an Eastern juggler: "There were three of us Americans, in company with many of the native dignitaries, and a hundred other invited guests, who were gathered in an open court to witness the performance. We were not long in suspense, for soon the juggler approached through the hollow ring of spectators, and entered the open square in our midst, with slow and dignified step, clad from head to foot in white linen, and bearing in his hand the indispensable divining rod. The light, voluminous folds of his long robe were fantastically looped and confined at the knee upon one side, thus revealing his brown ankles and white sandalled feet. His countenance was serious, his manner grave, his whole appearance so singular and imposing as to command respect and attention. He threw a piece of carpet upon the ground near his feet, and raising the divining rod in his right hand he lifted his face toward the blue arch of the southern sky, muttering some unintelligible gibberish. Upon my right was Rob with his kodac, on my left, Sam with his pencil, to test the truth of the experiment. In breathless interest every eye was fixed upon the magician.

"He had stood a moment thus, in the attitude of prayer, when there was a perceptible motion beneath the carpet at his feet. It appeared to be raised some few inches from the ground, assuming the distinct lines of a human figure. The magician now ceased to invoke invisible powers, and turned his attention to the object he had conjured, lying motionless beneath the carpet or mat. He addressed the phantom as though holding converse with a visible intelligence, commanding it to come forth and show itself to the multitude. Immediately the carpet was cast aside, and a youth of some twenty years, of fair appearance, and curiously costumed, not unlike the magician himself, rose in our midst, with pallid countenance, and eyes fixed in an expression of dreamy wonder upon the face of the conjurer. He paid not the least attention to his surroundings, although evoked from the shadowy world of spirits by the science of the magi, into a new and strange theatre of action. Again he of the land of sun and mystery raised his magical wand, and there appeared a flight of stairs, running upward beyond our mortal vision, into those aerial realms, perchance, that link the spiritual with the visible world. He now commanded the youth to ascend these stairs, and immediately he commenced mounting upward, until he also disappeared from our sight. Now a strange condition of things appeared upon the face of nature about us; clouds gathered in portentous darkness over the sun, a mournful wind stirred the dried grasses and bent the tall trees, while the forked glare of the red lightning was followed by the crash and roar of the heavenly artillery. Amidst this grand and awful display of the aroused forces of nature the magician stood unmoved, with calmly up-

lifted face, and rod pointing to the sky. We followed his example, actuated by a secret compulsion of awe, not unmixed with fear. As unexpectedly as the storm appeared, the clouds departed, the face of heaven assumed the cheerful aspect of pleasant sunshine; but there broke upon our ears, not the voice of thunder now, but the high and angry tones of quarrelling men, followed by a challenge to mortal combat. We now heard for a while the clash of weapons. 'There!' cried one of the combatants, 'I have you at last! I will cut you to pieces, and deliver your body to the dogs!' 'Mercy! Oh, mercy!' cried the vanquished, in the most heartrending tones of supplication; but the merciless victor proceeded to put into execution his threat to his fallen foe. 'Now,' he responded savagely, 'here goes your legs.' This announcement was followed by howls of misery, that caused our blood to chill with horror, when down came the legs, hewn from the trunk; dripping with gore, they fell into our midst. 'Now the arms!' he fiercely cried again; 'for by 'Allah thou shalt suffer for invading my domain!' Again this announcement brought forth moans and cries of misery, ere the dismembered arms were flung over the stairway and fell upon the ground. The demoniacal work of him who committed dark deeds above was soon accomplished by casting upon the earth the bloody head, followed by the trunk, that tumbled over the stairway and rolled to the magician's feet. The horror of the scene rivalled description, and it was with infinite relief we observed him gather together the dismembered parts and place them carefully together again beneath the carpet or mat. For a few minutes he stood with bowed head, in contemplative silence; then he waved his wand over the con-

cealed and mutilated body, commanding the parts to reunite and the youth to reappear. Once more a perceptible movement beneath the carpet, followed by such complete agitation of the fabric, warned us that the mighty energies of the magician's will were at work. 'Come forth!' he cried, 'O son of the land of shadows!' Instantly the carpet was cast aside, and the young man, with the calm demeanor of his first appearance, and clad in precisely the same unruffled and unsoiled fabric of snowy linen, stood before the juggler. 'Thou hast served my purpose well; away, then, to thy native element!' He waved his wand, and where he stood but a moment before moved only the light and odorous air. The magician bowed, picked up the carpet, and passed out of sight through the divided circle of the crowd of wondering spectators. He was considered to be one of the most learned of his class, and the experiment was accounted wholly successful. People on every side were expressing their wonder of what had transpired, interrogating and speculating with each other concerning the mystery. There appeared to be a perfect agreement regarding the appearances described, in the impressions and sensations of every individual with whom we conversed upon the subject. Sam had made rapid pencil sketches, that tallied with my description; but, when we turned our attention to the kodac, for the report of photography, the card *in every instance* showed only the juggler, a piece of carpet, and a divining rod."

The question will naturally rise in the minds of the thoughtful, Where there is universal agreement in testimony upon one subject, what was the true nature of the appearance presented upon this occasion? The kodac gave the lie direct to at least

two active senses, in the minds of more than a hundred intelligent individuals; viz., the senses of sight and hearing. Now the question is an open one. Did the magician, being possessed of a natural faculty resident in the soul forces of man, bring every individual into magnetic *rapport* with himself, so as to be able to project before them the images of his mind, the creatures of his will? Would a third, and unexpected party, arriving suddenly upon the scene, have seen the same sights and heard the same sounds? If the images did actually appear, why then did not the kodac represent them? It has been affirmed and reaffirmed by the old philosophers, that a visible universe and all it contains are the images of God, magnetized into life by the inbeaming of Infinite intelligence and will; that man, having been created in His image, like in kind, but varying in degree of power, is yet possessed of this faculty, not only to create within himself splendid images, but to be able at times to so project these images upon the darkened camera of life, that the impression, being taken, becomes apparent to all observant and intelligent beings. If this was wholly true, the witch craze was easily explained on the common-sense psychological basis of hallucination of the imagination, arising from some defect in the organs of senses, induced in certain nervous and unusually susceptible beings by extraordinary surroundings and circumstances. The period of history during which this frenzy prevailed in Salem was one of deep despondency and uncertainty. Indian wars had ravaged the frontiers; they were surrounded by a vast wilderness, in which lurked a strange and demoniacal foe. Their unnatural isolation from the land and people of their fathers, their transmitted belief in the direct intervention of

supernatural power, all rendered their minds peculiarly susceptible to such a delusion; but this cannot wholly reconcile the discordant forces at work throughout the whole created kingdom of being. Dr. Wood, in his work on the immortality of animals, gives some well-authenticated accounts of animals perceiving and being influenced by supernatural appearances; while biblical and other records furnish innumerable instances of such perception on the part of the dumb creation. As it cannot for a moment be supposed that the creative images of a dog, cat, or cow can rise to such a high order of representation, we must rest our belief partially, at least, upon other theories.

Bulwer, the Rosicrucian, in his "Strange Story," veils with the thin garment of fiction the Rosicrucian theories on this point; that man, both consciously and unconsciously, creates images that are something stronger than phantoms which pass over the soul vision like clouds across the sun; that they live in a universe of spirit, and that they are the potential arbiters of his fate; that these creations are the connecting links between his soul and the mighty powers that control both a universe of spirit and matter.

Randolph, by the authority of seership, declares that man's spirit is tripartite. "Body is that which is weighable, atomical, or particled; spirit is a thing of triplicity, in the most external sense; that which inter-penetrates, flows through, from, and constitutes the life of material existence is spirit; second, the great menstrum in which the universe floats and has its being is spirit, but vastly different from the foregoing; and third, the mental operations, as their result, are spiritual — a man's thought, for instance. Great care must be taken to distinguish

these last two from the first, which is the effluvia from, or surrounding aura of, all material forms and things. Soul is that most stately principle and thing which thinks, feels, tastes, sees, knows, aspires, suffers, hates, loves, fears, calculates, and enjoys.

"I became," he continues speaking clairvoyantly, "the rapt observer of a man sitting in his study, not as a person, but as a rare mechanism. The clothes he wore emitted a dull, faint, leaden-hued cloud, perfectly transparent, and extending about three inches from their surface in all directions. His body was apparently composed of an orange-colored flame, and its emanations reached to the distance of fifteen feet on all sides: it penetrated the woodwork, walls, chairs, tables, — all with which he came in contact, — and I noticed two facts: first, that its form was an oblate spheroid, and second, that a portion of it adhered to whatever he touched." This emanation, being magnetic, is influenced in character by the spirit which it envelops and from which it proceeds: its effects can be represented by African voudooism, although the methods pursued are considerably aided by material means. Voudooism, or hoodooism, is the name used in the different African dialects for the practice of the mysteries of the Obi (an African word signifying a species of sorcery and witchcraft common among the worshippers of the fetich).

In the southern portion of the United States the practisers among the blacks of voudooism, or hoodooism, are called hoodoo men or women, and are held in great dread by the negroes, who apply to them for the cure of diseases, to obtain revenge for injuries, and to discover and punish their enemies. The mode of operation is to prepare the fetich, which, being

placed near or within the dwelling of the person to be operated upon (under the doorstep, or any portion of the furniture), is supposed to produce the most dire and terrible effects upon the victim, both physically and mentally. Among the materials used for the fetich are feathers of various colors, blood, dogs, cats, teeth, clay from graves, egg-shells, beads, and broken bits of glass.

The clay is made into a ball, with hair and rags bound with twine, with feathers, human, alligators', or dogs' teeth, so arranged as to make the whole bear a fancied resemblance to an animal of some sort.

The person to be hoodood is generally made aware that the hoodoo is "set" for him, and the terror created in his mind by this knowledge is generally sufficient to cause him to fall sick, and, it is a *curious fact*, almost always to die in a species of decline. The intimate knowledge of the hoodoos of the insidious vegetable poisons that abound in the swamps of the South, enables them to use these with great effect in most instances. The following facts are vouched for by responsible parties, the character of the victims being such as to lead the writer, out of motives of delicacy, to withhold their names. Some years ago the only child, a daughter, of Mrs. ——, who had been left a widow by the war, was taken ill with what at the time was supposed to be slow malarious fever. The family physician was called in and prescribed for her; but in spite of his attentions she grew gradually worse, and seemed to be slowly but surely sinking and wasting away. Everything that medical skill could think of and could do was done, but in vain.

One evening while Mrs. —— was watching by the bedside

of the little sufferer, an old negro woman, who had been many years in the family, expressed her belief that the child had been "hoodood." Mrs. —— was a Creole, and having been from her earliest infancy among the negroes, was familiar with, and had imbibed, not a few of their peculiar superstitions.

"In despair of deriving any benefit from the doctors, and completely baffled and worn out with the peculiarly lingering nature of the child's illness, the suggestion of the servant made a great impression on her mind.

"In the neighborhood were two negroes who bore the reputation of being hoodoo men. They were both Congoes, and were a portion of a cargo of slaves that had been run into Mobile Bay in 1860.

"As usual with their more civilized professional brethren, these two hoodoos were deadly enemies, and worked against each other in every possible way. Each had his own particular crowd of adherents, who believed him to be able to make more powerful *grigats*.

"One of these hoodoos hired on or near Mrs. ——'s place, and, although she was ashamed of the superstition which led her to do so, she sent for him immediately to come over to see her child. The messenger returned, and said that Finney (that was the sorcerer's name) would come, but that Mrs. —— must first send him a chicken cock, three conch-shells, and a piece of money with a hole in it. She complied with his demands, and he shortly afterwards appeared with the cock under his arm, fancifully decorated with stripes of yellow, red, and blue flannel, and the three conches rigged up very much in the same manner. Placing the conches upon the floor in the shape of a

triangle, he laid the cock down in the centre of it, on its side. He then drew his hand across, in the same direction, three or four times. On leaving it, the cock lay quiet, and did not attempt to move, although it was loose, and apparently could have done so had it wished. After these preliminaries he examined the child from head to foot, and, after doing so, broke out into a loud laugh, muttering words to himself in an African dialect. Turning to Mrs. ——, who was all anxiety, he told her that her child was hoodood; that he had found the marks of the hoodoo, and that it was being done by his rival, who lived some miles away, and that he (Finney) intended to show him that he could not come into his district hoodooing without his permission.

"He then called the servants, and every one about the place, and ordered them to appear, one by one, before him. So great was the respect and terror with which they regarded him, that, although many of them obviously did so with reluctance, not one failed to obey the summons. He regarded each one closely and minutely, and asked if he or she had seen either a strange rooster, dog, or cat before the house in the past few days; to which questions they made various answers. The chamber-maid, who attended on the room in which the child lay, was one of those who manifested particular reluctance to appear before him, or to answer his questions. He remarked this, and grinning so as to show his sharply filed teeth nearly from ear to ear, he said, 'Ha, gal, better me find you out than the buckra!' This was late at night, and, after making his reconnoissance, he picked up his conches and the cock, and prepared to go, telling Mrs. —— to move the little sufferer into another room and bed;

promising that he would return early in the morning, he left the house. At an early hour next morning he returned with a large bundle of herbs, which, with peculiar incantations, he made into a bath, into which he placed the child; and from that hour it commenced to rapidly recover. He, however, did not stop here. He determined to find the hoodoo, and how it had been used. So, after asking permission, he ripped open the pillows, and the bed in which the child had lain, and therein he found and brought forth a lot of *fetiches*, made of feathers, bound together in the most fantastic forms, which he gave to Mrs. ——, telling her to burn them in the fire, and to watch the chambermaid carefully, saying that as they burned and shrivelled in the flames, so she would shrivel up. The girl, who had displayed from the first the most intense uneasiness, was listening at the keyhole of an adjoining room, and heard these injunctions. With a scream she rushed into the room, and, dropping on her knees at Mrs. ——'s feet, implored her not to burn the fetiches, promising if she would not to make a clear confession of her guilt. Mrs. —— , by this time deeply impressed by the strangeness and mystery of the affair, was prevailed upon by the entreaties of the girl, and kept the fetiches intact, and the chambermaid confessed that she had been prevailed upon by the other hoodoo man to place these fetiches in the bed of the child. She protested she did not know for what reason, and that afterwards she wished to take them out; but did not dare to do so for fear of the hoodoo.

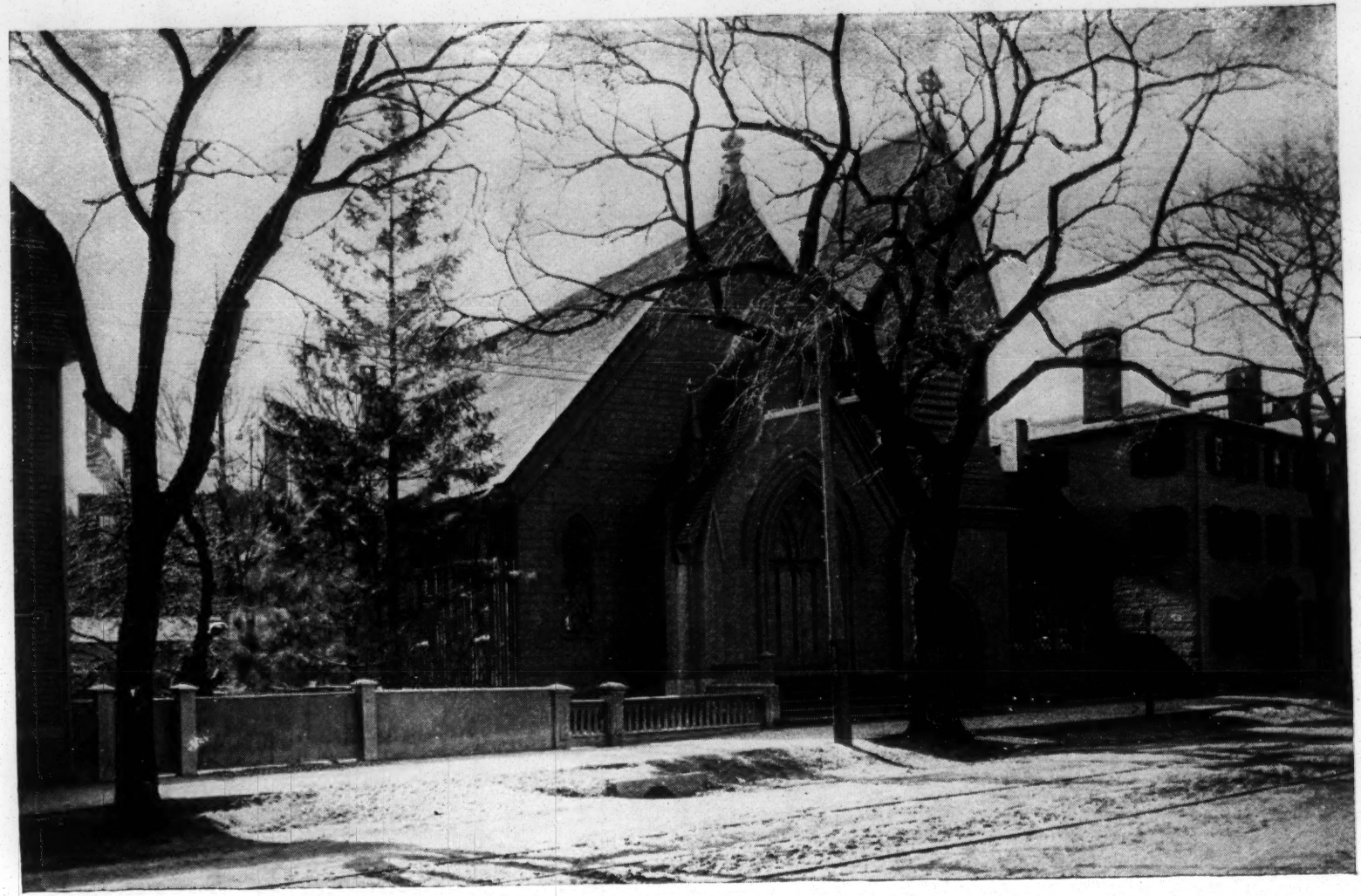
"As soon as the family physician came in Mrs. ——, completely bewildered, told him the whole affair, showed him the fetiches, and made the girl repeat her story to him.

"He, being a practical man, and having, withal, considerable knowledge of chemistry, took the bunches of feathers home with him, and, on making a chemical examination of them, he found them imbued with a very deadly poison.

"Meanwhile a warrant for the arrest of the malignant hoodoo man was issued; but the bird had flown, and could nowhere be found. No doubt some of the friendly negroes had informed him of what had transpired at the house, and he had thought best, in all probability, to leave the neighborhood. It may not be generally known to the public, but is nevertheless true, that these barbarous African superstitions and practices prevail, and are increasing, in all the Southern States."

The writer from whom I quote adds, "I have myself been hoodood, only there was no poison in the fetich; the whole effect was purely magnetic."

Such a power, with a combined and reactive principle, being made manifest between two intelligences, — whether good or evil, — it becomes difficult to draw the dividing line between the two forces, whose laws governing all natural phenomena pass into each other by insensible gradation; however we may be disposed to reason concerning them, the principle, the law and manifestation, are the same: the power is in the wheel beneath the flood; the grain it grinds is ours, — the Truth, ever representing itself to man in the eternally changing yet changeless evolutions of nature; occasionally the cry of "Eureka!" rings through a generation, the ego, forgetful of the fact it has ever been touched by other hands than his. To-day we have names; yesterday they had other names for the same principle. Spiritualism, hypnotism, magnetism, mind-read-



GRACE CHURCH, SALEM, MASS.

ing, were all recognized under the old appellations of prophecy, magic, and possession. In Egypt, from which Greece drew her wisdom and her divine mystery, the power was vested in the temples with her priesthood; in Greece, with a less severe asceticism, *mythos* seized upon the whole people, and mythology became to the Greeks not merely a subject of inventive imagination and dreamy speculation, but the divine, revealing itself in the shape of lifelike images, "behind which they anticipated, if they did not actually perceive, the Creator." God showed himself gracious to them, as to all his earthly children. He permitted them to find him in magnificent temples, through the process of their divinities, in the secret or public council of the oracles, where he did not deny their august ceremonies, prayers, and oblations, the sign of a miracle.

Aristides was carried into the temple of Æsculapius, where he was thrown into a magnetic sleep, during which he was blessed with a vision of the gods, who imparted to him many serious things, important to his health and happiness. How did this differ in character from the ecstatic dreams of Jacob Böhme, who confesses that he presented to the world exalted reviews of the creation, not by any other power than that of a revealed divinity, who poured into his ears a knowledge of God in the language of man, or the holiest inspiration of the Jews, presented in the language of prophecy?

Man is ever what he wills to be. The refined Greek willed to be dominated by a spiritual power; the result was, the emanations of the idealistic spirit breathed in the figurative and melodious language of her people, and was embodied in her immortal art. Their oracles were the wonder of the ancient

world. They cured diseases; they prophesied concerning wars and other national disasters; they guided to success, or predicted the misfortunes, of the individuals who came from near and far to consult those most famed. They placed their votaries in a magnetic sleep, loosening the natural ties that confine the spirit, so that man came into high and holy communication with the immortals. Of all religious illuminations it was a star in the constellation of unrivalled beauty, until the rising of the sun that gave light to the world without obscuring shadows, — He who taught that God was spirit, to be worshipped in spirit alone; who travelled neither east nor west for the enlightenment of the wisdom of any generation or people, but shed upon the world that which clothed his spirit with unquenchable light, without the blemish of bewildering mortal error. To Juda, sunk below her sister nations in the polite learning and high intelligence of the age, cowering under the lash of a foreign power, came the true seer of the ages, his feet on the cloudy heights of man's loftiest pinnacle of knowledge, his spirit imbued in the invisible spaces beyond, with the everlasting flame of Infinite Truth.

Prophecy is the natural exudation of man's spiritual ecstasy. The loftier and broader the reach of soul vision, the grander and truer the report of the seer; the reverse may happen from the sybils, astrologers, and witches of old, down to the nineteenth century fortune-teller and fifth-rate medium, the hashish-mongers and charlatans in psychological mystery. Although history and human experience furnish such innumerable illustrations of this principle, one of the most curious and interesting circumstances of such a nature is given by Mr. De La Harpe as having occurred six years prior to the Revolution, when the sarcastic

writings of Voltaire had so affected the minds of the French people, that a complete revolution was gathering its secret forces, to be marshalled at the awful day of judgment against the priest and the crown, and destined to involve a whole nation in a reign of new ideas, a reign the most bloody and terrible because it was godless. Never before in civilized Christendom, and never again, perhaps, will a people, after this bitter lesson in the theatre of human action, put God behind the curtain of its conflicts and councils.

THE EXTRAORDINARY MEMORANDA OF M. DE LA HARPE.

At the beginning of the year 1778 M. De La Harpe, who was connected with the Academy, was one evening the invited guest of one of its most distinguished members. The company was numerous, and of such character as the libertine and reckless spirit of the times was fit to furnish, — courtiers, advocates, literary men, academicians, and others from the rank of exalted birth and beauty.

"We had been, as usual, luxuriously entertained," he writes, "and at the dessert the wines of Malvoise and of the Cape added to the natural gayety of good company that kind of social freedom which sometimes stretches beyond the rigid decorum of it. In short, we were in a state to allow of anything that would produce mirth. Chamfort had been reading some of his impious and libertine tales, and the fine ladies had heard them without once making use of their fans. A deluge of pleasantries on religion then succeeded; one gave a quotation from the 'Maid of Orleans,' another recollected and applauded the philosophical distich of Diderot, —

"'And the last priest's entrails form the string
Around the neck of the last king.'

PAVILION AT THE WILLOWS, SALEM, MASS.

A third rises with a bumper in his hand: 'Yes, gentlemen,' he exclaims, 'I am as sure that there is no God as I am certain that Homer is a fool!'

"The conversation after this took a more serious turn, and the most ardent admiration was expressed of the revolution which Voltaire had produced; and they all agreed that it formed the brightest ray of his glory. 'He has given the *ton* to his age, and has contrived to be read in the chamber as well as in the drawing-room.' Upon this statement one of the company mentioned, and almost burst with laughter at the circumstance, that his hairdresser had said, whilst he was powdering him, —

"'Look you, sir, although I am nothing but a poor journeyman barber, I have no more religion than any other man.'

"It was concluded that the revolution would soon be consummated, and that it was absolutely necessary for superstition and fanaticism to give place to philosophy. The probability of this epoch was then calculated, and which of the present company would live to see the reign of reason. The elder part of the company lamented that they could not flatter themselves with the hope of enjoying such a pleasure; while the younger part rejoiced that they should witness it. The academy was felicitated on having prepared the groundwork, and being at the same time the stronghold, the centre, the moving principle, of freedom of thought.

"There was only one of the guests that had not shared in the delights of this conversation; he had even, in a quiet way, endeavored to start a few pleasantries on our noble enthusiasm. It was Cazotte, an amiable man of original turn of mind, but unfortunately infatuated with the reveries of the *Illuminati*. He

renewed the conversation in a very serious tone, and in the following manner: —

"'Gentlemen,' said he, 'be satisfied; you will see this grand, sublime revolution. You know that I am something of a prophet, and I repeat that you all will see it.'

"He was answered by the common expression, 'It is not necessary to be a great conjurer to tell that.'

"'Agreed; but perhaps it may be necessary to be something more, respecting what I am now going to tell you. Have you an idea what will result from the revolution? What will happen to ourselves; to every one present; what will be the immediate progress of it, with its certain effects and consequences?'

"'Oh!' said Condorcet, with his silly and saturnine laugh, 'let us know all about it; a philosopher can have no objection to meet a prophet.'

"'You, M. Condorcet, will expire on the pavement of a dungeon; you will die of the poison which you will have taken to escape from the hands of the executioners; of poison which the happy state of that period will render it absolutely necessary that you should carry about you.'

"At first there appeared a considerable degree of astonishment, but it was soon recollected that Cazotte was in the habit of dreaming while he was awake, and the laugh was as loud as ever.

"'M. Cazotte, the tale which you have just told is not so pleasant as your "Diable Amoureux." But what devil has put this dungeon, this poison, these hangmen, into your head? What can these things have in common with philosophy and the age of reason?'

"'That is precisely what I am telling you. It will be in the name of philosophy, humanity, and liberty; it will be under the reign of reason that what I have foretold will happen to you. It will then, indeed, be the reign of reason, for she will have temples erected to her honor. Nay, throughout France there will be no other places of public worship than temples of reason.'

"'In faith,' said Chamfort, with one of his sarcastic smiles, 'you will not be an officiating priest in any of these temples.'

"'I hope not; but you, M. Chamfort, you will be well worthy of that distinction, for you will cut yourself across the veins with twenty-two strokes of the razor, and will nevertheless survive the attempt for some months.'

"They all looked at him, and continued to laugh.

"'You, M. Vicq-d'Azyr, you will not open your veins yourself, but you will order them opened six times in twenty-four hours, during a paroxysm of gout, in order that you may not fail in your purpose; and you will die during the night. As for you, M. de Nicolai, you will die on the scaffold; and so, M. Bailly, will you; and so will M. Malesherbes.'

"'Oh, heaven!' said Rowcher, 'it appears as if his vengeance were levelled solely against the Academy; he has just made a horrible execution of the whole of it. Now tell me my fate, in the name of mercy!'

"'You will also die on the scaffold.'

"'Oh!' was universally exclaimed; 'he has sworn to exterminate us all.'

"'No, it is not I who have sworn it.'

"'Are we then to be subjugated by Turks and Tartars?'

"'By no means! I have already told you that you will then be governed by philosophy and reason alone. Those who will treat you as I have described will all of them be philosophers. You will be continually uttering the same phrases that you have been repeating for the last hour; will deliver all your maxims, and will quote, as you have done, Diderot and the "Maid of Orleans."'

"'Oh,' it was whispered, 'the man is out of his senses,' for during the whole of the conversation his countenance never underwent the least change. 'Oh, no,' said another, 'you must perceive that he is laughing at us; for he always blends the marvellous with his pleasantries.'

"'Yes,' answered Chamfort, 'the marvellous with him is never enlivened with gayety. He always looks as if he is going to be hanged.'

"'But when will this happen?'

"'Six years will not have passed before all I have told you will be accomplished.'

"'Here, indeed, are plenty of miracles' ('it was myself,' says M. De La Harpe, 'who now spoke'), 'and you set me down for nothing.'

"'You will,' replied Cazotte, 'be yourself a miracle as extraordinary as any which I have told you; you will then be a Christian.'

"Loud exclamations immediately followed. 'Ah,' replied Chamfort, 'all my fears are removed; for if we are not doomed to perish until M. De La Harpe becomes a Christian, we shall be immortal.'

"'As for the women,' said the Duchess of Grammont, 'it is

very fortunate that we are considered as nothing in these revolutions. Not that we are totally discharged from all concern in them, but it is understood that in such cases we are to be left to ourselves — our sex.'

"'Your sex, ladies,' said he, interrupting her, 'will be no guaranty to you in these times. It will make no difference whatever whether you interfere or not. You will be treated precisely as the men; no distinction will be made between you.'

"'But what does all this mean, M. Cazotte? You are surely preaching to us about the end of the world!'

"'I know no more of that, my Lady Duchess, than yourself; but this I know, that you will be conducted to the scaffold, with several other ladies, in the cart of the executioner, and with your hands tied behind you.'

"'I hope, sir, that in such a case I shall be allowed, at least, a coach hung with black!'

"'No, madam, you will not have that indulgence; ladies of higher rank than you will be drawn in a cart, as you will be, with their hands tied, as yours will be, and to the same fate as that to which you are destined.'

"'Ladies of greater rank than myself! What! princesses of the blood?'

"'Greater still.' Here there was a very sensible emotion throughout the company, and the countenance of the mansion wore a very grave and solemn aspect; it was, indeed, very generally observed that this pleasantry was carried too far. Madame de Grammont, in order to disperse the cloud that seemed to be approaching, made no reply to his last answer, but contented herself with saying, with an air of gayety, 'You see he will not even leave me a confessor.'

"'No, madam; that consolation will be denied to all of you. The last person led to the scaffold who will be allowed a confessor as the greatest of favors, will be' — Here he paused for a moment. 'Who, then, is the happy mortal who will be allowed to enjoy this prerogative?'

"'It is the only one which will be left him; it will be the King of France.'

"The master of the house now rose in haste, and his company were all actuated by the same impulse. He then advanced toward M. Cazotte, and said to him in an affecting and impressive tone, 'My dear M. Cazotte, we have had enough of these melancholy conceits. You carry it too far, even to compromising the company with whom you are, and yourself along with them.'

"Cazotte made no answer, and was about to retire, when Madame de Grammont, who wished, if possible, to do away with all serious impressions, and to restore some kind of gayety among them, advanced toward him, and said, 'My good prophet, you have been so kind as to tell us all our fortunes, but you have not mentioned anything regarding your own.' After a few moments' silence, with his eyes fixed on the ground, 'Madam,' replied he, 'have you read the siege of Jerusalem, as related by Josephus?'

"'To be sure I have; and who has not? But you may suppose, if you please, that I know nothing about it.'

"'Then you must know, madam, that during the siege of Jerusalem a man for seven successive days went round the ramparts of that city, in sight of the besieged and besiegers, crying incessantly in a loud and inauspicious voice, "Woe to Jerusalem! Woe to Jerusalem!" and on the seventh day he cried,

"Woe, woe, to Jerusalem, and myself!" and at that very moment an enormous stone thrown by the machine of the enemy dashed him to pieces.' M. Cazotte then made his bow and departed.

"Those who recollect the melancholy exit of all these characters during the reign of terror in France, must be astonished at the exact fulfilment of a prediction so unlikely to be accomplished at the time it was uttered."

The Scottish and Irish character, gifted as it is with a livelier imagination than the more phlegmatic German and English, became so thoroughly imbued with superstition, that to-day the banshee who cries in Ireland before disaster, and the spook or wraith that appears in Scotland on similar occasions, is almost a universal belief.

In the second year of the reign of Henry VII. there was born in Yorkshire, of humble parentage, Agatha Shipton, afterward commonly known as Mother Shipton. Possibly to-day she might be termed a natural clairvoyant, but popular tradition has a different theory, however. She soon became celebrated for her remarkable prophecies, extending over a period from the reign of the monarch under which she was born, to that of Charles II.

According to tradition, it appears that she was left an orphan at the age of fifteen, and, being the unfortunate child of weakness and extreme poverty, the Devil, who in those times often assumed the attributes of a jolly good fellow, appeared to her one day in the guise of a fair young man. Professing compassion for her mean estate, he conversed with her kindly, took her abroad, showed her many wonderful things, and finally entertained her sumptuously in a palace. The plain young girl,

whom fate had accursed and fortune abandoned to the most miserable conditions of life, was easily persuaded to enter his service.

The prophecies of Mother Shipton have played an important part in English history. She was one of those wonderful beings endowed with a miraculous gift, destined to leave its impress upon the ages. At one time she was seized by two valorous young men, who took her before a magistrate to answer to the charge of witchcraft; but so wisely did she comport herself, that she was immediately released, and never again called to explain the marvellous manifestations of her power. She lived to witness the verification of many of her prophecies concerning the kings and kingdom of England. She died in extreme age, and was accorded a decent burial in the town of Clifton, about a mile from York.

R. Head, discovering the parchments upon which were recorded the life and prophecies of Mother Shipton, in an old monastery, published for W. Harris of London a small edition in 1687. It is not known what eventually became of the parchments, which Head assures the reader were with difficulty made legible. A copy of this edition, that is so rare it is supposed there are but a few in existence, is at the present writing in the possession of Mr. James T. Moulton, the Lynn antiquarian.

The undisputable evidence of this woman's remarkable gift being placed before us, adds important testimony to the facts we have had under consideration. The question will again force itself upon the minds of the thoughtful, Whence proceeds this power by which a poor ignorant woman is enabled to correctly

cast the horoscope of the political history of England for over two hundred years? She predicted the uniting of the Scottish and English crowns, the disasters of the Stuart line, the usurpation of Cromwell, and the earlier troubles with Henry VIII., who was first to set the example to royalty of sending princesses to the block, like sheep to the shambles.

Once entered upon this line of investigation, we are bound to candidly weigh the evidence in the balance against all preconceived notions and prejudices. We are compelled to confess a resident reality behind the changing lights of human fancy.

The schisms arising from different sources furnished just cause for alarm to the Church of Rome. There was a universal spirit of inquiry manifested in the fifteenth century, destined in its progress to make many revolutions. The question in men's minds had in almost every quarter stirred up a spirit of dissatisfaction with church dogmas. The age heralded a new birth of ideas. The caliph behind his veil was not so august a body as he appeared in disguise, and men ceased daily to offer him their reverence. Church and State rocked and reeled in the tempest of revolution; the mad fever of religious and political faction boiled in men's blood, overthrew their reason, and destroyed the universal peace.

In almost every nation of Europe there grew in the cities, as well as the isolated towns, a spirit of dissent against the Church of Rome, hurrying to irruption between the clergy and the people, the unmistakable elements of open war. The Romanists, with a fine stroke of church policy, combined the accusation of witchcraft with heresy, which, according to their accounts, abounded especially where the Protestants were most numerous.

The Protestants, with equal fury and fanaticism, retaliated; and thus between priestcraft and statecraft the people were sacrificed, while the belief in witchcraft and demonology became a general terror.

About 1648 the law of James I. for the punishment of witches was examined and repealed.

Perishing in the Old World, the delusion dragged itself to our New England shores, and for a time, here, reared its hydra head. The psychological mystery, with all its spurious claims, was given great prominence by the high position and the writings of both Calef and Cotton Mather. Margaret Rule was seized by an invisible power and prostrated, so that for many days she was unable to take either food or drink, excepting a few mouthfuls of rum. This led some late writers to decide that the remarkable experience through which this young girl passed was only an aggravated case of delirium-tremens; but, as both Calef and Mather testify to the contrary, the testimony of the living witness should be more accredited than that of the writers two centuries later.

She saw spirits in great numbers, both good and evil; she was tormented or comforted by them, and once she was raised several feet from the bed by invisible power, to the great consternation of all who beheld her. She foretold events, such as the intention on a certain night of a young man to escape from a certain ship in the harbor, and that in attempting to swim ashore an evil spirit sought to drown him, but his good angel prevailed, and he was rescued by a passing boatman. Calef, noting the hour of this prediction, takes great pains to ascertain the fact, and discovers that the event transpired exactly

as foretold. In all his investigations he writes with the clear, candid spirit of the philosopher seeking for a higher knowledge of the truth; but Mather, with more impassioned speech and narrower comprehension, rushes upon the mystery in a flame of conviction, and recklessly scatters the firebrands of hell about him. Cotton Mather, whose father, Increase Mather, was president of Harvard College, was a young man of prodigious learning, and the most extreme and fanatical piety: he was settled in colleague with his father over Boston North Church. His intellect, cramped in the narrow school of New England theology, and trained to accept its legendary lore, was aided by the power of a brilliant imagination and the impassioned eloquence of an earnest faith; all these great qualities of his mind being supported and emboldened by an intense egotism, afforded him the power of exciting and influencing the masses to a belief in his most dangerous doctrines. With the exalted faith and devotion of a Catholic saint, he often believed that he had direct personal intercourse with the Deity. In every good fortune or personal calamity he saw either the direct providence of God acting in his behalf, or the malicious influence of the Devil and his agents. He believed in evil possession. In order to study witchcraft more closely, he took one of the bewitched subjects home with him, preaching and praying to the devil within her. Such responses were given his argument, that his pious zeal was flattered to put forth a more powerful exertion for the display of his knowledge upon so vital a point. He journeyed from place to place; he wrote exhaustive works upon the subject of witchcraft, and poured forth his denunciations in fiery eloquence from the pulpits of New England, until the

leprosy of his fanatical speech and action had marred the spiritual peace of every household.

The education and habits of the people of New England prepared them to receive the full force of those impressions which their theology and literature were fitted to produce: confiding their souls, and the most trivial interests of an ephemeral existence, to the universal supervision of Deity, the light of a high intelligence cloaked in a gloomy philosophy, they bowed and trembled under the wrathful shadow of a terrible Omnipotence. With characters trained in the hard school of necessity, and a rigid morality, stern, strong, determined, and dominated by their convictions, they were equally ready to die or to make martyrs for their principles. The new commandment was not accepted nor understood; it was an age of judgment, not of mercy.

Educational institutions were coeval with the foundation of the Provinces, and were enlarged and extended with every accession or extension of the population and settlement. In no country, perhaps, was there such a general prevalence of those sentiments of truth and virtue as are necessary to the respectability and happiness of the individual, and the community in which he lives.

Refined, courteous, hospitable, gracious in their bearing, they were not a people to be barbarously cruel or unjust. In dealing with the witch and wizard of 1691 and '92, they were not in a mass dominated by hatred and evil passions, although they opened the way for every species of evil to creep in and gratify its spleen at the door of public error and misfortune. A new phase of thought and feeling was further creeping into society, not

ROGER WILLIAMS OR MITCH HOUSE.

strictly in accordance with old ideas; a mental uneasiness pervaded the entire colony. In the religious and political firmament clouds were slowly gathering with portentous darkness. Across the sea the king was threatening to take away their charter; bold men were crying for a broader religious platform, upon which a few more souls might stand for salvation, or a few less be damned.

The first theological dissension that arose in the colony was promoted by Roger Williams, whose residence, standing at the junction of North and Essex Streets in Salem, has gained the sobriquet of the "old witch-house," from the fact that it later became the residence of Judge Curwin, under whose jurisdiction the witch trials took place. It is further believed by some, and even affirmed, that preliminary examinations took place in this house, although there are no written records to support the fact. Roger Williams emigrated to New England in 1630, and officiated for a time as the pastor of New Plymouth Church; but not finding the people congenial he managed to gain an appointment to the church at Salem. Like Cotton Mather, he was a man of eloquent and fanatical piety, and of a stern and uncompromising character. When he rose in the Salem pulpit, he was ready to announce to the brethren that he had made some startling departures from the old beaten paths of generally accepted theology. Wildly speculative in his opinions, that he attempted to make church and civil law, he met with many spirits who sympathized with his doctrines, and an equal degree of opposition. He maintained it was not lawful for an unregenerated man to pray, nor for Christians to join in prayer with those whom they deemed unregenerated; that it was not lawful to

take an oath to a civil magistrate, not even the oath of allegiance, which he had declined himself to take, and advised his brethren to reject; that King Charles had unjustly usurped the power of disposing of the territory belonging to the Indians, and hence that the colonial patent was utterly invalid; that magistrates had no right to direct the conscience of men, and that anything short of *unlimited toleration of all religious beliefs was abominable persecution.* He combined with these seditious and liberal doctrines a spirit so rigid that he forbade his church to communicate with any other church in the colony, and when they refused to do so he withdrew from the ministerial office, and even separated from his wife and children because they attended the church he could not wholly direct and formulate to his opinions. He held his meetings in a private house, which became the rallying point for the liberal, or disaffected, or persecuted of other religious sects. Endicott, the former governor, became so embroiled in these disputes that had stirred up the whole colony, that, at Williams's instigation, he was influenced to cut the red cross from the royal standard. This disorderly conduct on the part of a magistrate was so generally disapproved by those in authority, that he was treated to a severe reprimand, and degraded from his office. They next endeavored to call Williams to judicial reckoning; but the clergy of the colony, who regarded his outbreak as a display of a fanatical conscience, interfered in his behalf, recommending reason and mercy as the most effective methods to bring him to a just appreciation of his erratic conduct. "*You are deceived,*" was the governor's reply, "*if you think that man will condescend to learn anything from any of you.*" The result of the conference

was banishment from the colony. So firm a hold had been gained by the pastor on the affections of the people of Salem, that the bulk of the inhabitants were prepared to protest with indignation, and, with their goods and chattels, to go into exile with him; but a letter from Cotton and other ministers induced many of them to abandon this project, leaving the rebellious Williams to his fate. Many others, however, decided to brave every hardship, and to live and die with one whom they regarded as a persecuted saint; accordingly, like the Israelites, led by a new Moses, they went forth into the wilderness, and, beyond the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, they purchased a considerable tract of land from the Indians, that they fitly named Providence.

The moderation recommended by the clergy was productive of the most beneficial effect to the country, as Roger Williams became the founder of the State of Rhode Island, and its most eminent benefactor. The earlier spirit of intolerance manifested toward all who disagreed with him was, in the course of riper judgment, under the sharp harrow of affliction, chastened and softened by a truly progressive Christianity. He became distinguished for meekness and charity, and his missionary work among the Indians was productive of the happiest results to the peace and prosperity of the colony.

Another cause of disturbance in Salem Village was, that the court had involved them in quarrels regarding certain grants of land that had been usurped by their neighbors without judicial protest. Such were the material conditions that predisposed them to be thrown into a panic by any overt act on the part of a temporal or spiritual enemy.

The psychological conditions were more complex.

Trance, or hypnotism, hysteria, muscle reading, the reciprocal influence of the nerves and fancy in involuntary life, the interaction of mind and body, insanity and all the allied nervous phenomena were unravelled mysteries and their manifold manifestations were regarded in horror and consternation as the direct works of the spirit of all evil. Inherited beliefs, transmitted traditions and superstitions, the example of kings and princes and the weight of judicial authority in the old world, prejudice, passion and ignorance, complete the chapter of causes, I think, that led to such dire results. Is it a matter of such great wonder, then, that in dealing with this mixed problem, our forefathers should err in their calculation, that the subjective, that within the brain of the witness, was mistaken for the objective, that outside the brain of the witness? "The human brain is as full of spectres as the sky is full of stars, and disease of the brain brings these spectres into view as the darkness of night brings out the stars invisible by day. When we are awake and well, we do not see these spectres, as we do not see the stars by day on account of the strong light of the sun. When we are sick in mind or asleep, or when we but close our eyes, these spectres in infinite combinations appear in view like the myriads of stars of the firmament." Our forefathers were not philosophers: bold to deal with the purely material conditions of life, they fled from the force of ideas, they trembled in the face of mystery. The prayer of the puritan mother was that her child should not learn to think. "We are to learn, and are learning now, that what we call mind as well as what we call matter is a part of nature, and

subject to nature's sovereignty, that psychology although the youngest of the sciences is as truly a science as astronomy; that it is indeed the scientia scientarium before which all other sciences are to bow and veil their faces, that laws reign in the throb of passion as in the rush of planets, and that the atoms of the cells within the brain are unnumbered."

O Thou! whose vast creations are
As countless as the grains of sand,
Who keepest all thy creatures still,
As in the hollow of thy hand,

So not a link the circle round,
In being's complex, endless chain,
That lives thy purpose to fulfil
Shall perish or have lived in vain,

Help us to know thee as thou art,
The truly merciful and good,
So visible in all thy works
And yet so little understood.

Nor bind thy love to iron creeds,
In some extremely narrow heaven,
There measuring by a selfish heart,
How much in mercy is forgiven.

Too much presumed as God is man,
Reflections of his love and hate,
We comprehend thee through the plan
Of this our most imperfect state.

We walk half blinded on our way
To purposes of good or ill,
Or beat with hands of crumbling clay
Against an adamantine will.

POEM.

O human soul! though driven down,
Through narrow straits of great distress,
Heaven is above, though hell surround,
To help, to comfort, or to bless.

Who guides the sparrow's aimless flight,
Who is the soul of bird and bee,
Will not desert thee in the night
Upon a tempest-riven sea.

Dear heart! that grasps but human life,
By passion and by pain refined,
We climb through many ways of change
Toward the great eternal mind.

Help us to know thee as thou art,
The truly merciful and good,
So visible in all thy works,
And yet so little understood.

WHITTIER RESIDENCE, OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, MASS.

Old and New Salem.

We climb by darkened ways of life
To heights but little understood,
Thus blindly filling God's great plan
Of universal good.

ONE of the most notable characteristics of human nature is a love of history, the desire to acquaint itself with that of nations or individuals and to perpetuate its own; to reflect upon the conditions of society, the opinions of men, the formation of character, the wise or unwise policy of government, and the progress of art, science and literature; thus, by an accumulation of experience to extract a philosophy from the past to serve the present and future interests of the world.

In the events that led to the founding and building of the New England colonies every town has furnished its quota of interest, but, from the landing of the pilgrims to the last great

struggle for liberty a no more interesting people present themselves for the historian's consideration than those of Salem.

They were stern Puritans, abandoning the more genial influences of their native land for liberty and a new country, over which stretched an unbroken wilderness and in which lurked the hidden foe.

They were brave, intrepid men and women, contending step by step with the visible and invisible powers of darkness for the victory of a higher civilization and the results of to-day.

Upon entering this city with its old-time air and habiliment, we do not feel so entirely separated from our grim ancestors, since a spirit of the past seems to brood in the very air.

This was the home of the Endicotts; here a Lathrop came to plant the family tree in the New England soil, and to sanctify it with his gentle blood; a Cheever to mingle his learning with the awful superstition of the age; a Higginson not only to direct the spiritual interests of the community but to transmit with his pen the history of an eye-witness to the earliest proceedings in the first settlement of New England. Upon this soil were born the brave Davenport and Gardiner, who were first to respond to the call for a thousand men at the time of Philip's war in 1675.

Who that has read it can forget the account of the march of those cold tired men in the early winter, over a rough unsettled country, where the Indians in superior numbers were devastating all by fire and murder? Philip had concentrated his forces in Narragansett county, in the southwesterly part of Rhode Island, where it was well known that he was training them and gathering strength and supplies for decisive action in the spring. A

thousand men had been raised to defend the colonies: Massachusetts furnishing 527, Connecticut, 158, and Plymouth, 315. Among these, two companies were raised in Salem, one in Lynn and one in Marblehead.

After a cold, hard march, the troops anticipated rest and refreshment at a block house fifteen miles from the place where the enemy lay entrenched upon high ground, surrounded by a swamp; but upon arrival they found the place burned and a company of seventeen persons murdered.

These boys from the forest, hillside and farms, were accustomed to the rough breath of the northern winter, but at home the larder was filled with the plenteous, if homely, fare of the farmer, and now they were half famished. Governor Winslow, who commanded the troops, knew that the strength of his forces was in that hour, before cold and hunger had overpowered them. He could not call a halt in the midst of the desolation of the winter noon. No! there was nothing for the starving, freezing men of that day but to go forward to meet death and the enemy. This event has passed into history as the "hungry march."

As they approached the Indian forces, their flank and rear were harrassed by scouts and sharp-shooters who picked off the men with unerring aim.

It was the 19th of Dec., 1675, about half-past three in the afternoon when the first grey gloom of the early winter twilight was falling, that they sighted the enemy so advantageously situated.

A strong, impenetrable palisade surrounded the camp with but one visible entrance—that only reached across a brook over a fallen log encrusted with ice, and protected by a block house, filled with sharp-shooters. Governor Winslow, who realized at

a glance the desperate situation, ordered an immediate attack. The Salem companies were in advance, but no man shrank from duty, for in their valor, their courage to do and to die, lay the fate of the colonies. The long column, closed up, rushed as with a single impulse through the narrow pass. The heaped slain, the hot bullets and the red rain did not daunt them. Like those at Thermopylæ they went into the narrow pass and struggled up the heights to die, but they routed the enemy and broke the back-bone of the great Indian rebellion. But when the day's dreadful deed of slaughter was ended, and the few whom doom and death had spared came slowly back again, "of the dead that were left behind" were Captains Gardiner and Davenport, Salem boys who fell early in the battle. Thus from this town, the forefathers and defenders of this old city of Salem, came at their country's call, "sages in council and heroes in war." The Winthrops, the Bishops, the Downings, the Hathornes, the Putnams, the Ingersols, the Cheevers, the Nurses, the Curwins, the Hutchinsons, the Herricks, the Conants, the Raymonds, the Parrises, — all pass before us like shadows of a dream in their peaceful or tragic history.

The exact date of the earliest settlement made in Salem is involved in some uncertainty but is supposed to be about 1626. When Conant, abandoning the fisheries at Cape Ann, sought this place then occupied by a remnant of the tribe of Naumkeag Indians, writing to England, he calls the place Naumkeag, and gives such reports as to induce the London Land Company to organize a colony under the governorship of Endecott, who arrived at Naumkeag in 1628. Here their new occupancy was christened Salem,— place of peace.

We have the account of John Higginson who came over with

the Endecott colony regarding the early settlement and lawful possession of this place, writing as follows:

"To y^e^ best of my remembrance when I came over with my father I was thirteen years old. There was in these parts a widow woman called Squaw Sachem who had three sons Sagamore John, kept at Mystick, Sagamore James at Saugust, and Sagamore George's here at Naumkeke, whether he was actual Sachem here, I cannot say for he was young then about my own age, and I think there was an elder man y^t^ was his guardian. But y^e^ Indian town of wigwams was on y^e^ north side of y^e^ North river, not far from Simondes, and y^n^ both y^e^ North, and South side of that river was called Naumkeke."

This tribe had been so reduced by wars and pestilence that Higginson, explaining further, says: "For their govoners they have kings which they call Sagamores. The greater Sagamores about us cannot number more than 300 men, and the lesser 15 subjects, some even having only two."

They had more land than they could possibly use and were happy to make conditions with the white strangers for the sale of it. They regarded them further as allies and friends against a hostile foe; in this consideration they were anxious that they should settle among them. Our forefathers fearing, however, the unscrupulous policy of James II, obtained a quitclaim deed of the land possessed by them from the Indians. This deed was acknowledged in 1686.

It is well for the early settlers of New England that they had such exalted and measureless faith in the supernatural and that their desires went out to the invisible, for the material comforts with which they were surrounded were meagre, and insufficient often to meet the requirements of animal necessity.

Looking backward we see only the privations and hardships of our forefathers, forgetting the light from beyond that illumined their faith, and raised the spirit of their action to such an altitude as even to glorify error.

We find such passages as these in the old colonial records regarding the most condemnable action: "They punished not in passion, but in justice and the fear of God." In this spirit the Quakers were whipped naked, even in the streets and subjected to every manner of persecution that human superstition and intolerance could justify in that bigoted age. But this meek sect, by much unseemly and exasperating conduct, were not wholly guiltless in their provocation of wrath. We read of one Dyre, defying the congregation by coming into the meeting and disturbing the peace of holy worship by breaking bottles and calling to him who taught, the meek yet terrible saint of that period, to come down from his high place, for even so would the Lord tear down his world and break him to pieces. Such vigorous action along the lines of the enemy certainly called for retaliation, and according to the belief of that period they administered the corrective principle in the most stringent doses. When we are reminded by an epistle sent to Oliver Cromwell, under the supervision of Endecott, by sanction of the general court and council, expressive of their faith and obedience to God, and the uncompromising tenets of his tyrannical policy, we do not wonder at the dark records in the history of the colony and that stanch, puritanical Salem was foremost to expurgate from its ranks all objective elements. Their churches were a fitting exponent of their gloomy philosophy, being rude of structure, devoid of comfort, and bare of ornament as human ingenuity could devise.

AN INTERIOR, ESSEX INSTITUTE.

In these meeting-houses where the spirit came not in love and peace, but with fire and sword, to burn and to slay, they gathered for miles around, often riding through dense woodlands, infested with wild beasts and Indians; father and mother on a single horse sometimes with a basket swung at either side to carry the children. In this condition, perchance numb with cold, they arrived, and sat through the long service with only heated stones or a footstove to keep them from perishing. The minister preached in overcoat and mittens, the deacons carefully turning the hour-glass. The pulpit was high, being reached by a flight of a dozen steps and upon these the children were generally seated. The men occupied one side of the house and the women the other; there was a similar arrangement for the lads and lasses in the gallery. There were two and sometimes more tithing or tidy men whose business it was to seat the congregation and keep order during the services. Young heads in the gallery would sometimes nod together; the spirit of youth ever full of love, coquetry and humor had often to be rebuked. It was a common event for the tidy man to break in upon the sermon with "there is whispering in the gallery."

In the rear of Plummer Hall, on Essex street, stands the oldest church in New England. Its appearance is that of a small chapel with windows set in small diamond panes of stained glass. The interior has been preserved in its original state with bare beams and rafters. Within also are many curious and interesting relics:[1] among them, as a testimony perhaps, of the early cultivation of the divine art of music, are a harpsichord and two other curiously-shaped old pianos. These are the only things, with

[1]These relics have since been removed from the church and placed in the Institute.

their thin quavering voices, that speak to us out of the dead past of three centuries. We linger here, and wonder by whom they were used. What fair hands evoked from them the themes of other days! what holy service, what love songs, what dreams and romances were built above the ivory keys, small, loose, and yellow with age!

Here also are the desks of Bowditch and Hawthorne; a pew door from Hingham marked early in the 17th century, with two christening stands, and a gallery filled with spinning wheels, where "in y^e^ ancient time" many a sweet-faced puritan maid and daring gallant may have carried on their sly courtships.

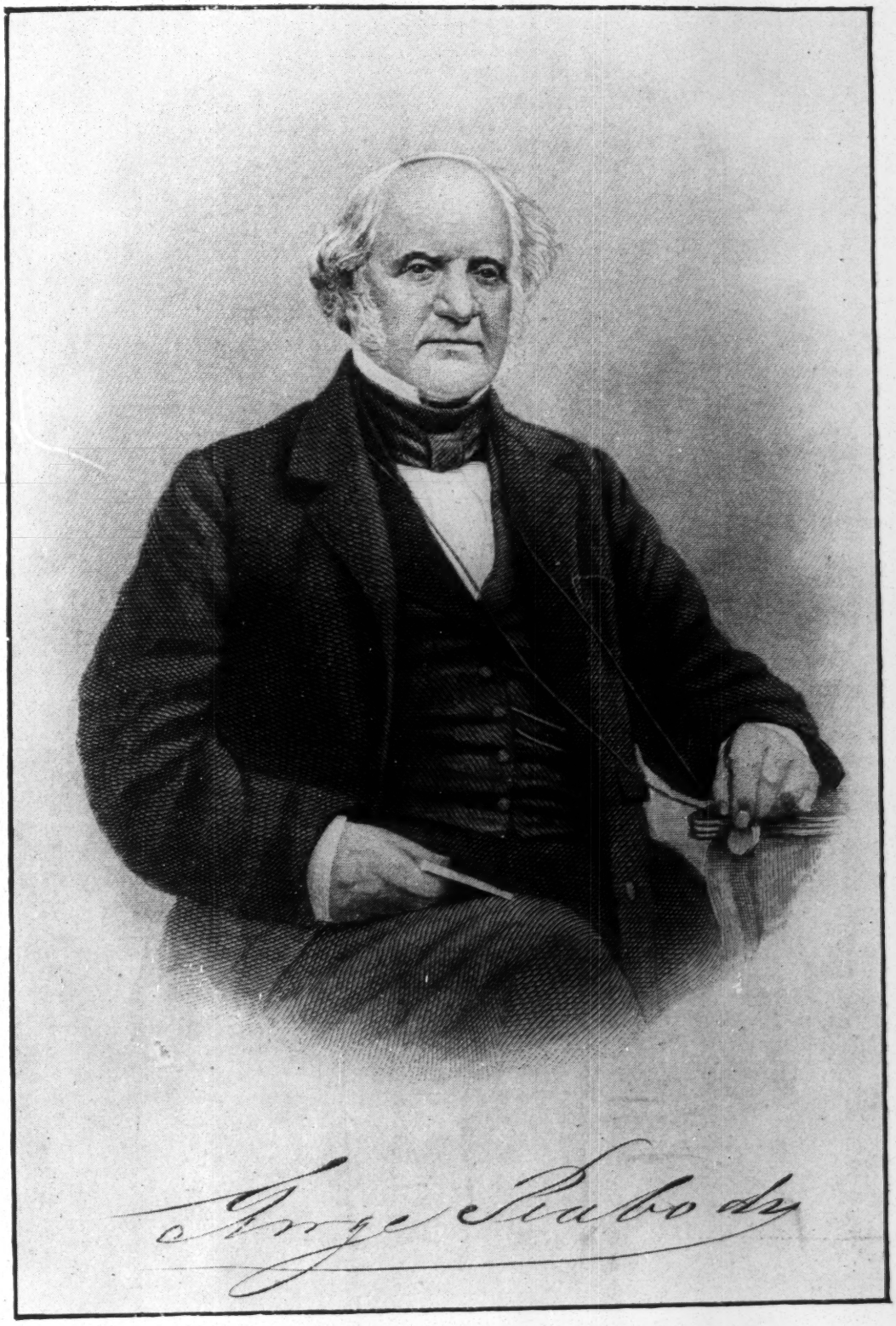
Salem was incorporated as a city in 1836, although the seal was not adopted until Mar. 11, 1839. Shipbuilding had become one of its most important branches of industry, which supplied its merchants with vessels that sailed to every accessible port of the world.

Enos Briggs came to Salem in 1790, and established a shipyard in South Salem. He carried on an extensive business in the town and died in 1819 at 73 years of age, highly respected for his mechanical skill and industrious life.

From Aug. 29, 1739, until 1834, there were built in Salem shipyards, 134 vessels, these not including coasters, nor fishing vessels.

Among the earliest builders we find mentioned Robert Moulton, 1629, this being the second year after the landing of Endecott and, in 1635, Richard Hollingsworth, with others less prominent in the business.

In 1644, an order is passed by the general court for the better building of vessels. They offer to incorporate a company, who may desire it, for such business.



GEORGE PEABODY, BANKER AND PHILANTHROPIST.

THE PEABODY FAMILY.

THE Peabody family in Salem, of which Captain Joseph Peabody, the great ship-owner, and George Peabody, the London banker, were the illustrious descendants, was founded by Francis Peabody, who came from St. Albans, Herefordshire, England, in 1635, he being one of the earliest settlers in Topsfield, then a part of Salem. Joseph Peabody began life as a farmer, and, after a common-school education, at eighteen years of age left the paternal roof to seek his fortune in a busy world. The stirring events of the Revolution tempted his adventurous spirit, and, embarking in the cause of the people, he soon found himself on the highway to wealth and fame. When the British marched on Lexington, although too young to be enrolled in the militia, Mr. Peabody joined the Boxford Company as a volunteer, but arrived too late to take part in the battle. Shortly after, probably as a sailor, he joined the privateer Bunker Hill. His next voyage was made on the privateer Pilgrim, which resulted in the capture of a British merchantman, deeply laden and strongly armed, which Mr. Peabody, as prize-master, took into Thomaston, Me.

A second cruise of the Pilgrim proved a failure, in consequence of which he spent the next year on shore, acquiring that

[1] Abstracts from biographical sketches.

knowledge to which, more than previous instruction, his future success was due. He pursued his studies in his native town of Middleton, with Rev. Elias Smith, a very scholarly man, whose daughter he married in 1791, he being thirty-four years of age at that time.

In 1778 he enlisted in the Middleton militia, when he was called, under the command of General Sullivan, to the rescue of of Newport, R.I., from the British. On his return from this unsuccessful expedition he made a voyage to Gottenburg, in the letter of marque Rambler. He next sailed in the privateer Fish Hawk, commanded by Captain Foster, and was captured by a British man-of-war that Captain Foster had mistaken for a merchantman. After a short term of imprisonment at St. John's, Newfoundland, he returned to Boston, determined to abandon privateering. He now sailed as second officer in the letter of marque Ranger, from Salem to Richmond, and from Alexandria to Havana, with a cargo of flour. He was now twenty-five years of age, and on his next voyage the Ranger was surprised at the mouth of the Potomac in the night by a party of loyalists, and was only saved by the gallantry of the officers and crew. On this occasion Mr. Peabody signalized himself by his bravery, and received marks of favor in acknowledgment of his service on his return to Alexandria, being presented by the merchants of that town with a silver pike, beautifully ornamented and properly inscribed. After sailing on several vessels he was enabled to purchase the schooner Three Friends, and, commanding the same, he made repeated voyages to Europe and the West Indies. For several years he pursued his labors in the double capacity of captain and merchant; the advantage

which the revival of trade after the Revolution afforded, combined with those of his early commercial education, laid the foundation of his great wealth.

With his increasing business, and during his whole career, he built eighty-three ships, which he largely freighted himself, and for which, at different times, he shipped seven thousand seamen. After the year of 1811 he promoted to captaincies thirty-five who had entered his employ as boys. Mr. Peabody's headquarters were always at Salem, and from that port all of his vessels sailed. His ships being built and equipped here, it may easily be imagined how much he contributed to the growth and prosperity of the town. The career of Mr. Peabody sufficiently indicates that he must have been possessed of peculiar characteristics in order to have insured success. He was cool, clear-headed, shrewd in his judgment of men, being, withal, extremely cautious and careful in all business calculations. Mr. Peabody died on the 5th of January, 1844, aged eighty-six years.

George Peabody was the son of Thomas and Judith Peabody, and was born on Feb. 18, 1795, in a house still standing in Peabody, on the northerly side of Washington Street, the old Boston road. He began life as a boy under adverse circumstances, with but limited advantages of education, having taken a clerkship in the store of Captain Sylvester Proctor when only twelve years of age. It is recounted that he earned his first dollar for tending a booth during a public celebration, where much was going on in the town attractive to the interest and curiosity of an active boy; but, resisting all fascinations of boyish sport, he stuck to his post, and earned his reward. His great business qualifications were made manifest early in life.

At sixteen he was a large, finely developed young man, of an earnest and cheerful disposition, with a shrewd turn for speculation. After some considerable experience, in 1814, when only nineteen, he entered into partnership with Elisha Riggs, Mr. Riggs furnishing the money, and Mr. Peabody conducting the business. During the war of 1812 he joined an artillery company, and did military duty at Fort Warburton, that commanded the river approach to Washington. For this service, and the short service at Newburyport, Congress bestowed on him a grant of land.

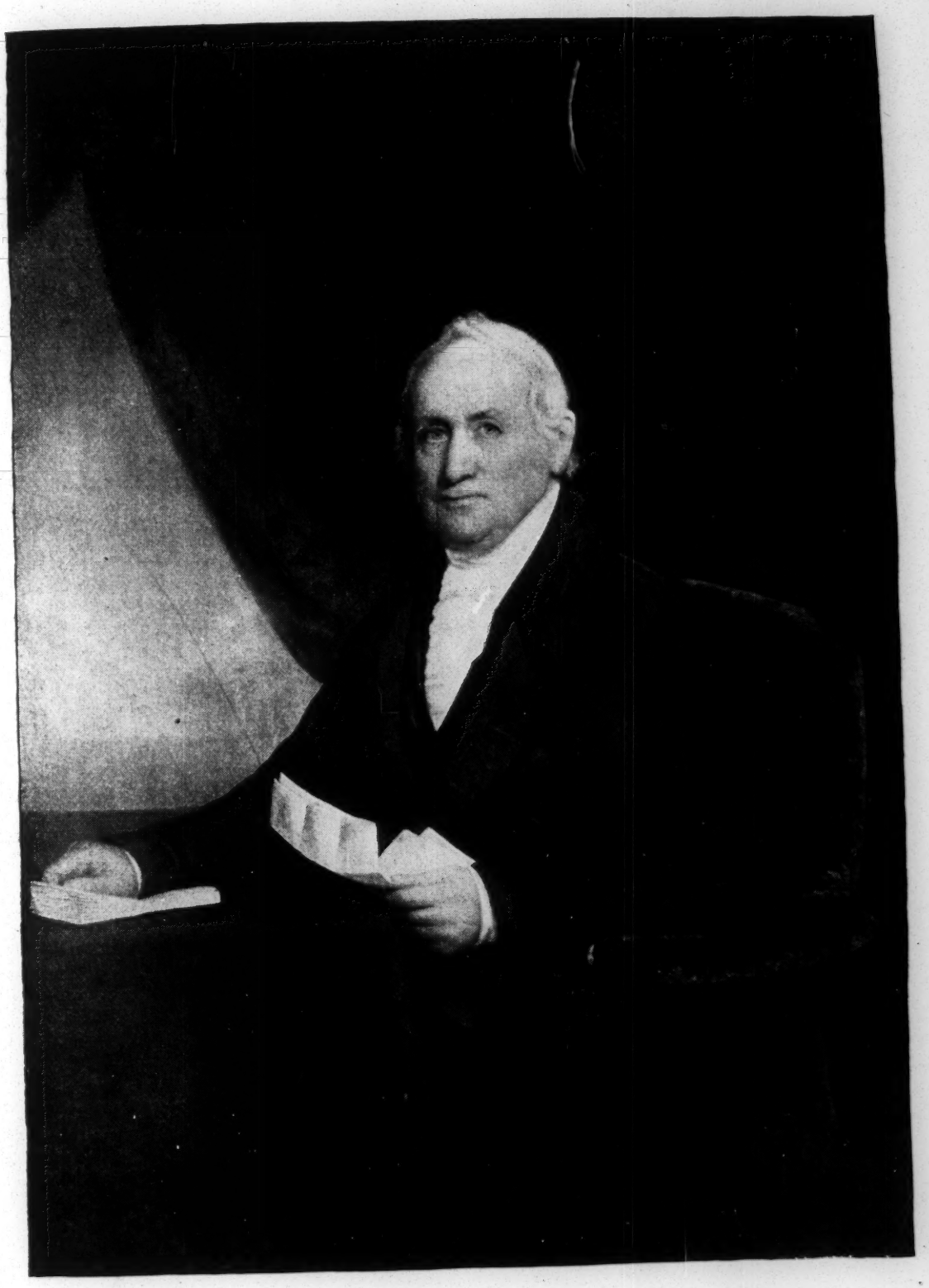
The house of Riggs & Peabody removed in 1815 to Baltimore, and in 1822 branch houses were established in New York and Philadelphia. The mercantile business proved a success, owing to the financial ability of Mr. Peabody. On retirement of Mr. Riggs in 1830 Mr. Peabody became the senior partner of the firm, and the new house of Peabody, Riggs, & Co. was formed, which became the leading concern of the country. In 1837, having withdrawn from the firm of Peabody, Riggs, & Co., he began business, with others, as merchant and money-broker, by the style name of George Peabody & Co.

Mr. Peabody, before he had acquired his immense fortune, always manifested a benevolent disposition, being ever ready to give liberally to worthy enterprises. In 1836, when the Lexington monument in Danvers was erected, he contributed the balance of several hundred dollars that was necessary to complete the work. The South Church of Danvers having been destroyed by fire, he made liberal contributions toward rebuilding it. About this time he seemed to conceive the idea of bestowing his great wealth while he yet lived, in such a manner

as would enable him to direct the application of it to purposes of benevolence. In 1852 he gave to the town of Danvers $20,000, which was increased before his death to $200,000. The same year he fitted out the Advance, Dr. Kane's ship, that sailed to the Arctic regions in search of Sir John Franklin. In 1857 he made his first donation to the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, to which he gave in all upwards of $2,000,000. In 1856 Mr. Peabody visited this country, and was tendered a public reception by a committee of distinguished Americans, but modestly declined all honor except that received by his native town. In 1859 he carried out his long-cherished purpose of benefiting the poor of London. He gave for this purpose in all, including a bequest of his will, $500,000. This great gift has been managed by the trustees upon such an honest and economical plan that the value of the property has nearly doubled by the investments and income. Over twenty thousand persons are accommodated in the tenements, which include five thousand separate dwellings, the rent of each being 4*s.* 9¼ *d.* The following is a list of some of the largest of his donations: —

To the State of Maryland for money given him for negotiating State loans of $8,000,000	$60,000
The Peabody Institute of Baltimore	1,500,000
The Southern Education Fund	3,000,000
To Yale College	150,000
To Harvard	150,000
To Peabody Academy of Science	140,000
To Phillips Academy, Andover	125,000
To Peabody Institute, Peabody	200,000
To Peabody High School	2,000
To Peabody Institute, Danvers	50,000
To Massachusetts Historical Society	20,000

To Kenyon College, Ohio	$25,000
To Newburyport Public Library	15,000
To Memorial Church, Georgetown	100,000
To Memorial Library, Georgetown	5,000
To Kane's Arctic Expedition	10,000
To Library at Thetford, Vt.	5,500
To unpaid money advanced to uphold the credit of States	40,000
To Homes of the Poor in London	2,500,000
To Division of Sanitary Fairs	10,000
	$8,107,500



JOSEPH PEABODY, MERCHANT OF SALEM.

Trouble with the British in Boston so operated as to transfer nearly all foreign commerce to the port of Salem, thereby rendering it for a time the most important commercial city in New England. Thus Salem has yielded to Boston, not only its first opportunity of becoming the seat of government, but the power and wealth of commerce. After the war, the growing wealth and importance of the capital, with its more accessible harbor, rendered it the natural business centre, and into its arteries of trade was again poured the commerce of the world.

Salem merchants, although they built fine mansions in their native city, yet began going to Boston to transact business; among the most important of such a class was William Gray, a man so noted for the unclouded prosperity of his commercial career, that it has become a New England if not a national by-word to be "rich as Billy Gray."

In revolutionary affairs Salem was early called upon to bear testimony in the incipient struggle.

In 1775, Feb. 26, an invasion of the town by the British created great excitement and did some damage.

It seems that acting upon instructions of a committee appointed by the Provincial Congress, Capt. David Mason had secretly conveyed seventeen cannons to John Foster on the north side of North river, for the purpose of having them fitted with carriages. Foster had at the time a foreign journeyman in his employ whom he greatly trusted, but on Saturday afternoon the latter obtained leave to visit Boston where he managed to inform Governor Gage what the Whigs were doing.

Gage knowing well the character of the people with whom he had to deal, having been previously defeated in his attempt to

prevent their town meetings, laid a cunning plan to capture the cannon. He ordered Colonel Leslie, an estimable officer, to embark with most of the 64th regiment, about 300 men, from Boston Castle, and to capture without failure the ordnance preparing in Salem for the opposition to expected attack from the British.

Leslie selected the following Sunday as the most propitious time for such an undertaking. The ship arrived at Marblehead about noon, the soldiers being secreted, with only men on board sufficient to sail her. The unsuspecting townspeople went to church and in the meantime the whole force was secretly landed at Homan's Cove. Once upon shore they assumed the most formidable attitude: with muskets charged, bayonets bristling, accompanied by the alarming notes of the fife and drum they marched through the town towards Salem.

The Marblehead people followed the troops, an angry, excited mob. They did more; for on perceiving the direction the king's forces had taken, they dispatched a courier to warn the people of Salem of the intended invasion.

The report electrified and roused the entire populace to vigorous action.

People ran wildly from house to house or gathered in the streets in excited mobs.

Bells were rung, drums beat, and guns fired.

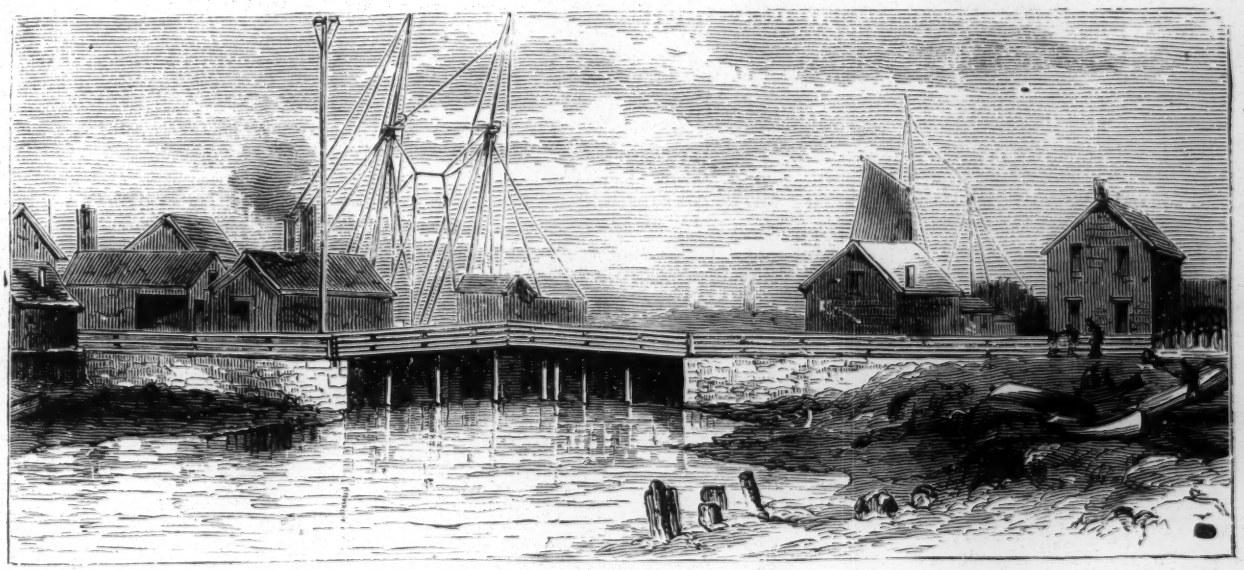
> "Ah! then there was hurrying to and fro,
> And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
> And cheeks all pale that but an hour ago,
> Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness."

Weak women clinging to brave men who were fathers, sons,

brothers and lovers, standing shoulder to shoulder, prepared, with hot indignation, to contest the ground of their liberties with their lives.

Some there were who apprehended the cause of this hostile visit, and made haste to remove the cannon to a secret place.

On came the red-coats, unresisted, across the bridge and into the town; they marched to the door of the court-house where a



NORTH BRIDGE.

great concourse of people were gathered to learn their demands.

Leslie called a halt, and appealed to the Hon. Richard Derby who owned a part of the cannon in charge of Mason to use his influence with the people that they might be peacefully surrendered to him, but he only made answer that if they could find them they could have them.

Among the sympathizers and friends of the king's party was a lawyer by the name of Samuel Partes, who was observed to point his cane significantly toward the bridge.

Leslie gave the command to march there. Back wheeled the three hundred red-coats in that direction, but a guard of forty men under Colonel Pickering were placed at the bridge with a constantly increasing number of the determined and angry townspeople.

Mason in the meantime had pushed the cannon behind a hill into an oak thicket about three-quarters of a mile from Foster's. "Impatient to close his difficult commission Leslie commanded his men to cross the bridge; but as they attempted to do so the draw was hoisted. He thereupon determined upon more forcible measures. He ordered his men to face about and fire upon the men upon the opposite shore, but Capt. John Felt, who had kept beside Leslie every step of the way with the avowed purpose of grappling, and entering into a deadly personal conflict with him if he opened hostilities, warned him not to fire.

"Where are those who can hinder me?" he questioned arrogantly.

"There!" replied Felt, pointing to a dense mass of his townsmen on the shore. Looking into the dark resolute face of the speaker, he saw that it but mirrored the silent determination of those about him. He now retired to the middle of the regiment and conferred with his officers. Unwilling to relinquish the object of their expedition, he next demanded a passage of the king's highway, and was met with the bold reply that the king had no highway; that it belonged to the people of Salem.

"I will go over that bridge," he cried, "if I remain here a month;" when it was replied that he might remain as long as he wished, but he could not cross the bridge.

Persevering, he ordered his men to take the gondolas and fishing boats that were aground, and proceed in them to the opposite shore.

Then commenced a struggle between the people and the soldiers.

Maj. John Sprague leaped into his gondola and commenced scuttling it, followed by others who used their axes freely in destroying the boats. In the contest that ensued between the people and the soldiers, who attempted to defeat this action, a number of persons were wounded. Thus, upon this ground, was spilled the first blood of the revolution.

Leslie having no orders for battle was obliged to acknowledge himself defeated and, upon promise of a peaceful exit, was allowe to leave the town.

Salem who begat the nation's life, has been merged in the nation's strife. Now are her days of peace more peaceful than elsewhere. The noise of martial tread in her narrow paved streets is but in mockery of the great and dangerous game that nations play.

'Tis but the boy in holiday attire with a smile on his lips and bloodless sword. The heroes of the Indian war, the heroes of the Revolution, the heroes of the late civil war are her sacred dust.

No longer is Salem a maritime city. Her custom-house is a figure head in history. They will tell you it is the place where Hawthorne wrote the first pages of the Scarlet Letter. Her port is deserted, her shipping interests are dead. In these latter

years the leather industries have become most prominent in her business life.

Just here might be properly mentioned an interesting episode which occurred in 1834. The brig Mexican from Salem, on a cruise to Rio Janeiro, carrying $20,000 specie, was run down in the high sea and overhauled by the pirate schooner Pindar.

The "Mexican" crew being thirteen and that of the Pindar thirty, the victory was easy. The pirates confining their victims in the hold, stopping up, as they supposed, every avenue of escape, secured their booty, set fire to the brig, and abandoned her.

One point of egress being overlooked a fortunate sailor escaped, extinguished the fire and released the crew, who returned to Salem with their tragic history. The greatest indignation was expressed and ships were sent out to take the pirate. The Pindar was ultimately run down by an English man-of-war, and the crew of thirty men brought to Salem for trial, where they were all sentenced and afterwards executed in Boston, with the single exception of a young man by the name of Lenardo de Sotto who, for his heroism in rescuing a Salem crew the previous year, was mercifully pardoned.

Parton, in his life of Aaron Burr, relates a pithy incident concerning one of Salem's most noted men, Israel Putnam, well known to the readers of American history as General Putnam.

At an early period of the Rebellion, while Sir William Howe's forces occupied Staten island, Margaret Moncrieffe, daughter of Major Moncrieffe, suffering from the fortunes of war, chanced to be abandoned at Jersey, where she appealed to the clemency of General Putnam, and was generously offered a home in his

ROOM WHERE ISRAEL PUTNAM WAS BORN, SALEM, MASS.

household, doing menial service, as was the custom of the ladies of that period, spinning flax and making shirts and other garments for the General and his soldiers. Notwithstanding this labor which was engaged in by his wife and daughters, she, Miss Moncrieffe, became attached to the good master of the house.

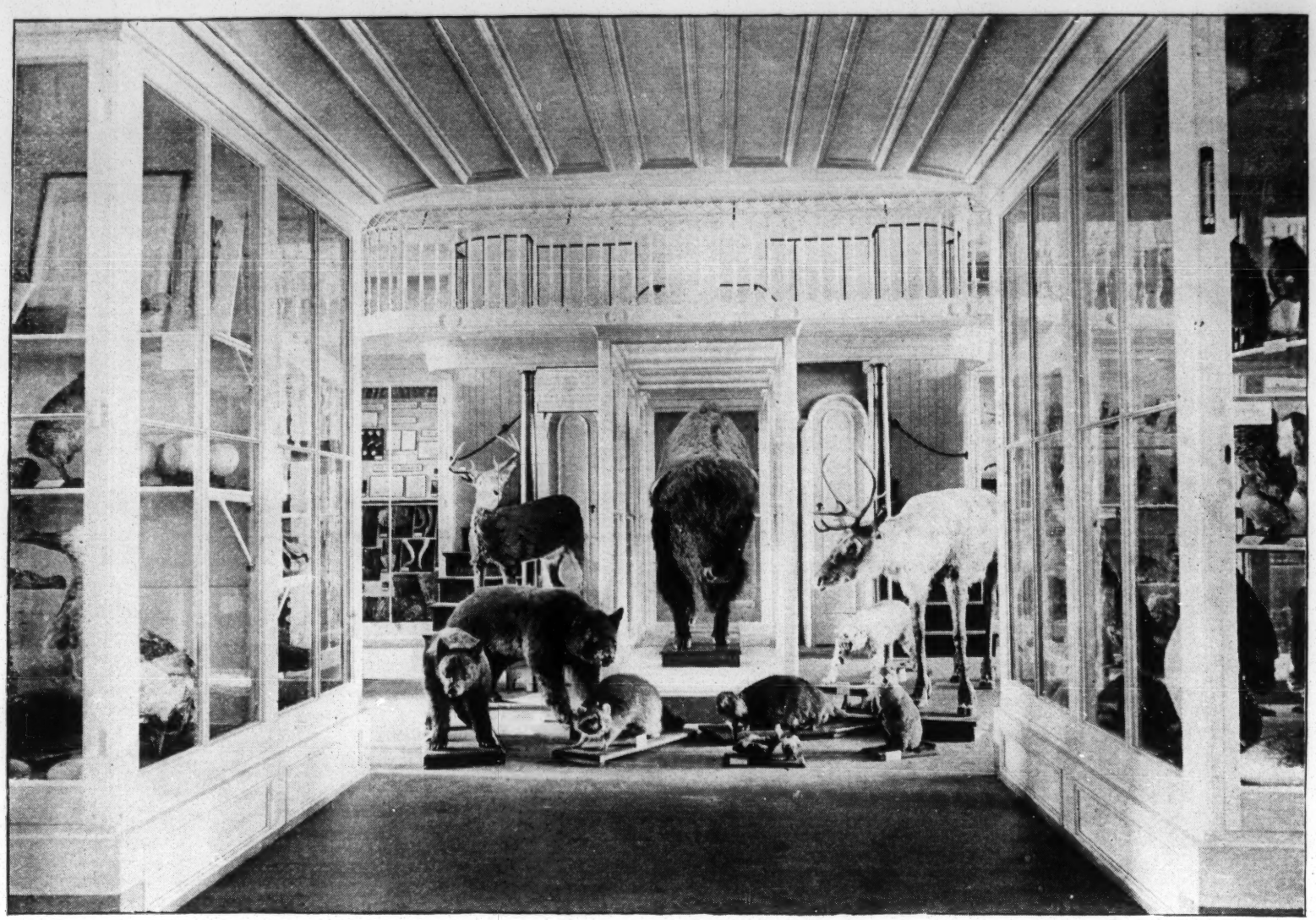
Speaking in the later and most miserable years of her life with enthusiasm of the generous and noble qualities of his heart and mind, "he was," she declared, "a man to command the respect of all who knew him." While at his home she was obliged to meet General Washington at dinner one day. When a toast was proposed, she hesitated, and on her toast being demanded, proposed Sir William Howe. "That toast cannot be proposed here," frowned Washington; whereupon the good heart of Putnam pleaded for her. He begged Washington not to take offence, as she was only a child who knew no better. "Very well," said Washington, "I will pardon you, young lady, providing that you will propose my name or that of Putnam at a similar occasion at Sir William Howe's table." Later, when she had conceived an ardent affection for Aaron Burr, she submitted the matter to General Putnam as her friend and adviser. He urged her to forget the lover who might any day be made by the fortunes of war to stain his hands with her father's blood. From that time he used every exertion to restore her to her father, although she was held by General Washington's command as hostage for her father's good behavior. Finally effecting this purpose he sent her with a very characteristic letter to her father. When her name was announced, the British commander-in-chief sent Colonel Sheriff with an invitation from Sir William Howe to dinner, which was necessarily accepted. Says she, "when introduced I cannot describe the emotion I felt.

Judge the distress of a girl not fourteen, obliged to encounter the curious, inquisitive eyes of at least forty or fifty people who were at dinner with the general. Fatigued with their fastidious compliments, I could only hear the buzz among them saying: 'She is a sweet girl; she is divinely handsome;' although it was some relief to be placed at table next to the wife of Major Montresson, who had known me from my infancy. Owing to this circumstance, I recovered a degree of confidence, but being unfortunately asked, agreeable to military etiquette, for a toast, I gave 'General Putnam.' Colonel Sheriff said in a low voice, 'You must not give him;' when Sir William Howe complacently replied, 'Oh! by all means; if he be the lady's sweetheart I can have no objection to drink his health.' This involved me in a new dilemma. I wished myself a thousand miles away, and to divert the attention of the company I gave to the General the letter that I had been commissioned to deliver from General Putnam, of which the following is a copy: 'Gineral Putname's compliments to Major Moncriffe, has made him a present of a fine daughter, if he don't *lick* her he must send her back again and he will provide her with a good *twig* husband.'"

This letter created a great deal of diversion among the company. Miss Moncrieffe writing of it later apologizes for the bad spelling of her most excellent republican friend, by saying bad orthography was amply compensated by the magnanimity of the man who wrote it.

In the old Salem burying-ground, now just across the line, is a bit of sad and interesting history:

Nearly a hundred years ago the beautiful and gifted daughter of a clergyman fled her native town and came here to conceal her misery and shame, the victim of the most unscrupulous and



INTERIOR OF PEABODY ACADEMY OF SCIENCE, SALEM, MASS.

fascinating man of his age, Pierpont Edwards, the son of the most eminent divine, Jonathan Edwards.

Here in what was known as the Old Bell Tavern, she concealed herself under an assumed name, living apart from all until the fatal hour when her sensitive spirit tossed and torn by the tempest of earthly passion, found rest in that haven where the Master said "judge not."

Posterity has not proved unkind, at least, to this one misguided woman. She is only one of a large class, a few of whom the world recognizes as not being beyond the pale of human sympathy.

The beaten path to Eliza Wharton's grave is sufficient to testify how often the way is travelled. Old maids, sweet and sour, the poet, the novelist, the curio collector, have been here year after year, and have chipped away the stone that marks the resting-place of this unhappy girl.

Harmony Grove, the new place of burial, is a beautiful city of the silent.

Salem has many pleasant paths and by-ways, among which the most popular as a pleasure resort is the Willows. During the summer months, moonlight dances, drives and excursions are made to this charming spot from the neighboring towns and cities.

Essex is the most historic street in Salem. At the junction of Essex and Washington streets, over Ives' book-store, is Washington hall, where the first chief magistrate of the young nation was received and honored. In this place, now devoted to dust and cobwebs, may be seen the oldest colonial fireplaces in New England. Upon Essex street are some of the most notable

places in Salem: the First Church, Washington hall, Cadet Armory, Peabody Academy of Science, Plummer hall, and the Essex Institute.

Here also, under the shadow of the Institute is the old White mansion, where Capt. Joseph White was murdered by Richard Crowninshield in the interest of Frank and Joseph Knapp; an act that not only shocked with horror and consternation a quiet and orderly community but involved a highly honorable family in misery and disgrace.

The Essex Institute and the Peabody Academy of Science are places of such interest as to claim the visitor's first attention; the former place being the distributing point of valuable information regarding historic Salem, and the great storehouse of old books, MSS., portraits and interesting relics. The noble mind and character of Salem people is made manifest in these institutions, that are always freely open to the public and should claim a lasting tribute of gratitude from the visitor.

The Peabody Academy of Science was founded in 1867 by George Peabody, the London banker, who was born in South Danvers now the town of Peabody. The donation of Mr. Peabody came very opportunely when materials were at hand to organize an institution on a good basis with a large and valuable museum and a corps of able workers.

Material had been gathering for years under the management of the Essex Institute and East India Marine Society.

This last-named society was organized in 1799 and incorporated March 3, 1801, for the purpose of investigating ocean currents and aiding navigation, for charitable purposes and for the collecting of curiosities brought from beyond Cape of Good Hope

or Cape Horn, only Salem ship-masters and supercargoes who had travelled thus far being entitled to membership. To the museum of natural and artificial curiosities brought from beyond the capes mentioned, and arranged to please the eye and instruct the mind, have been made from time to time many valuable additions. Many noble names might be mentioned in connection with these institutions; but it is not the purpose of the present little work to give a record of transactions that can elsewhere be so easily obtained, nor to write a biography of the zealous spirits that have hewn the way in the interest of science and a higher education, borne the burden in the heat of the day, and leaving the path easy to follow. However, it would please the writer to mention the kindly interest and courtesy which she has received from officers of the Peabody Academy of Science, the Essex Institute, and from Mr. Upton of the Peabody Institute.

Under the instrument of trust, conveyed by Mr. Peabody, East India Marine Hall (erected by the East India Marine Society in 1824) was purchased and refitted, and the museum of the East India Marine Society and the natural history collections of the Essex Institute (begun in 1834) received by the trustees as permanent deposits were placed therein. To this foundation have been added many valuable collections since received by the trustees. By this arrangement the Essex Institute may devote its entire attention to history and the arts and the East India Marine Society continues as a charitable institution distributing the income from its funds among its needy members and their families.

It is desired that the Academy shall benefit the residents of the remoter portions of the county as well as those in the immediate vicinity of Salem, although under the trust, the museum

must be located in Salem and the work of the Academy largely carried on there. The arrangement of the museum is intended to be *educational*, and not merely for the purpose of exhibiting curiosities. It is especially designed to aid the teachers of the county in connection with school work.

The Academy has published two volumes of memoirs and annual reports; it has conducted classes in botany, mineralogy and zoölogy, and for several years held a summer school of biology. Lectures upon subjects connected with natural history and ethnology are given annually in Academy hall, a new audience room opened by the trustees in February, 1886.

The average number of visitors to the Museum has been over 45,000 annually during the past five years.

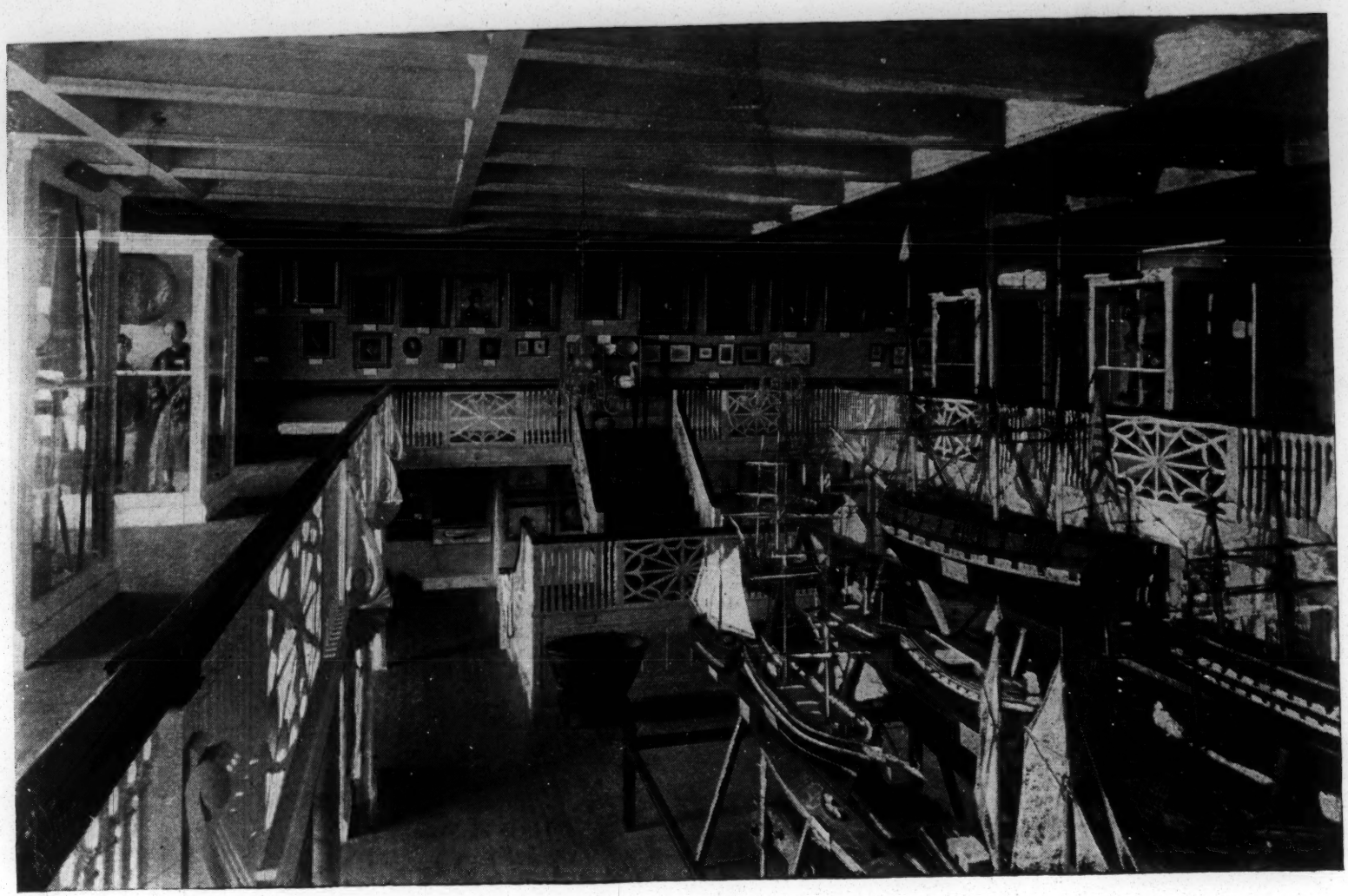
The collections of the museum of the Academy comprise the animals and minerals, woods of the trees, and prehistoric relics of Essex county. A large collection of the dried plants of the county may be consulted by students.

A synoptical collection illustrating the animal kingdom from the lowest to the highest forms, arranged and labelled according to the text-books in common use in our schools and colleges.

A type collection of minerals illustrating the edition of Dana's Mineralogy, used in our schools.

A collection, arranged by countries, of objects illustrating the every-day life, dress and religious customs, the implements of war and domestic use, and objects of art of the native races of China, Japan, India, Korea, Africa, Polynesia, North and South America, etc.

An historical collection of portraits of prominent Salem merchants, members and officers of the East India Marine Society,



INTERIOR OF PEABODY ACADEMY OF SCIENCE, SALEM, MASS.

together with many interesting relics connected with the early social character of that institution, and models and pictures of Salem merchant vessels. These are preserved in accordance with a special agreement, in the new east hall, and form an interesting memorial of the commercial history of Salem.

The museum is arranged in two large halls, one being devoted entirely to specimens of natural history. The new exhibition hall of which a picture is here given was opened in 1889. It contains the ethnological collections of the Academy.

In closing this subject I will quote from the pen of an able writer: "The Essex Institute of Salem, from which the Peabody Academy of Science is an outgrowth, is greatly indebted to one man especially for its success. His untiring zeal, energy, and perseverance, and his acknowledged ability as secretary and librarian and manager in general of affairs of the Essex Institute, have, in a large measure, been the source of success. That man is Dr. Henry Wheatland of Salem, whose silver hairs are a crown of glory, and whose afternoon of life is so radiant, that it seems as if his sun stood still, as in the days of Gideon, while he battles on the fields of historic and scientific research."

To Salem belongs the honor of the first printing-press set up in New England, and the second school was established here. Boston claims a priority of three years.

It has been a city of newspapers that have earned and sustained a high reputation, among which may be mentioned as the oldest, the *Observer*, *Salem Mercury* and *Gazette*.

It can boast its eminent divines, its men of science and letters. Plummer hall, the library of the Institute, may be interesting to many as the spot upon which Prescott the historian

was born. The Witch House, as it is commonly called, is a place of particular interest as having been the residence in turn of Corwin a cruel judge and Roger Williams a gentle divine.

There is scarcely a foot of ground in this vicinity that is not historic or from which may not be evoked the rich traditions of the past.

Whoever visits Salem must be impressed with the warm hospitality, the superior refinement and culture of its people. They love Salem and are familiar with all its points of interest. They will give you racy pictures of historical events, and authentic accounts of places and people you would like to visit. Without exception I believe they will listen patiently and answer courteously the demands of the curious stranger. They are not a people of the present generation; they have come out of the past with their gentle manners. They are not swallowed and lost in trade to the exclusion of that which makes humanity better. They have been abroad and are familiar with the world. They love Salem as the Jews did Jerusalem, but not to the exclusion of places, people and conditions of life beyond Salem. They are in no sense narrow-minded. They appear remarkably free from the yankee rush and bustle,—that wearing, restless intelligence that keeps the nerves whetted to the very quick, disturbing all the well-balanced harmonies of life. Repose and dignity are apparent even in their manner of transacting business. It has sometimes been unkindly said that they are not an enterprising people. They are enterprising in all that makes high character, and life worth living.

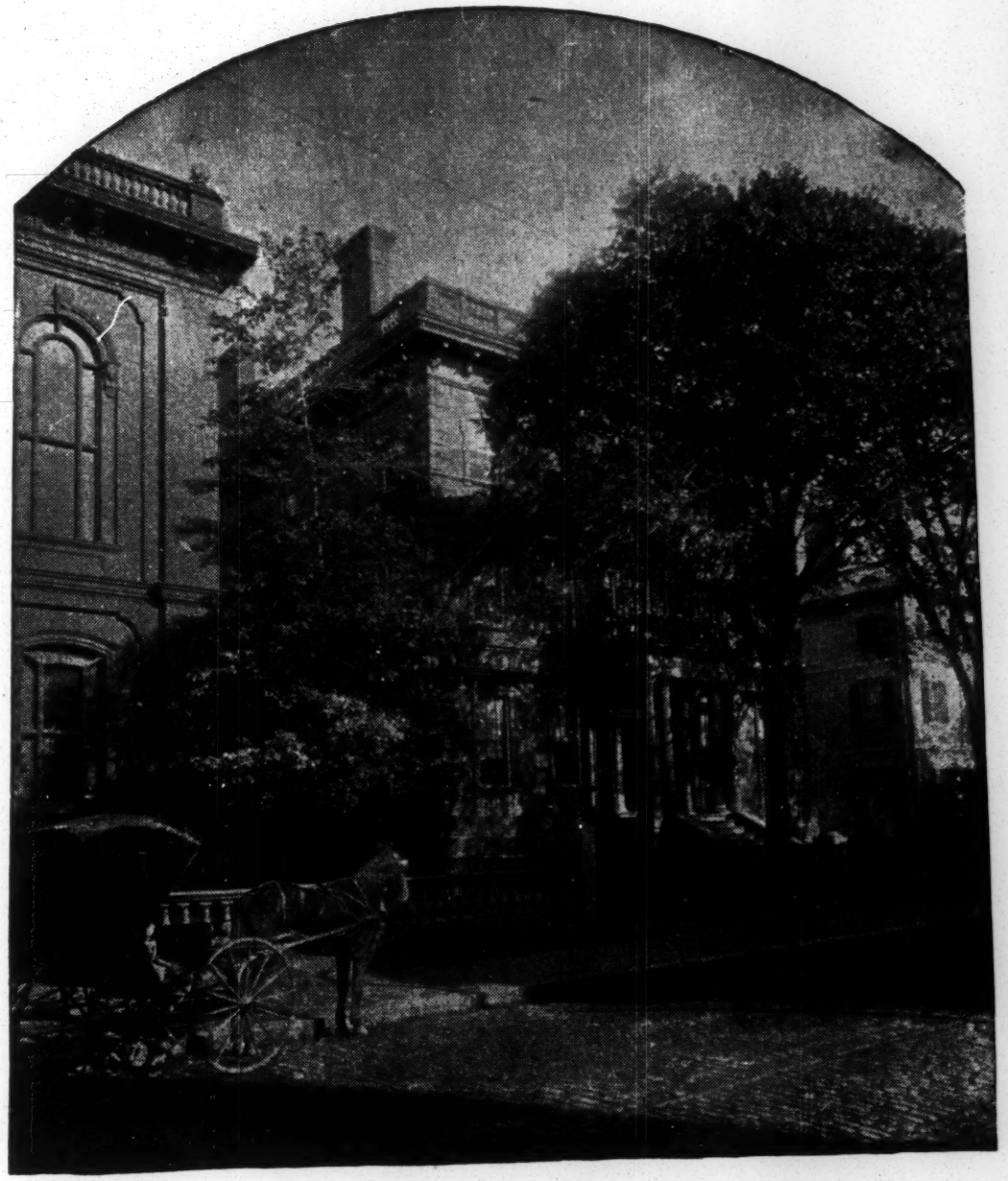
Into their antiquities of race, place, and manner they have moulded the vitalizing current of the nineteenth century. Their

schools (here is the State Normal School), their libraries, their public institutions are all of the highest character, and there is not a place in New England more delightful to the tourist, or where a day can be spent with greater profit and pleasure than in this old city by the sea, and among its courteous people.

One point more and I have finished a brief review of a few places and people most interesting to the tourist, trusting this work will serve only as a postal directing to wider investigations that cannot fail to prove a source of profit and pleasure to all intelligent minds.

Whoever visits Salem should not neglect the Peabody Institute at Peabody. They will, perchance, be happily surprised to find in this quiet old-fashioned town one of the most magnificent libraries in the country. It was the favorite child of its illustrious founder. It is a fine building built of brick and ornamented with brown freestone. In the lecture room occupying the upper story is a life sized portrait of George Peabody by Healy. In the library room of the lower story, beautiful in architectural design is a medallion portrait of the queen of England, one of the largest and finest ever painted and for which Victoria paid the sum of £5,000 presenting it to Peabody as a token of her esteem. This magnificent gift is enclosed in a cabinet with two gold caskets beautifully engraved which were presented the banker by the cities of London and Paris.

Never was a man more honored and beloved for his charities. The wealth he accumulated was widely and wisely scattered. In the closing lines of one of his biographers "the name of Peabody is to stand in the future for philanthropy; this single word shall be his lasting monument."



ESSEX INSTITUTE, SALEM, MASS.

APPENDIX.

THE ESSEX INSTITUTE

HAS for its object the promotion of history, science, and art in Essex County. It is supported by an annual assessment of $3.00 from each of its members, — who now number above three hundred, — the income from its funds, and voluntary contributions of its friends.

Early in its history the special attention of the institute was given to the study of natural history, and the collection of material for the formation of a large and valuable Archæological and Ethnological Museum. Upon the establishment of the Peabody Academy of Science in 1867 these collections were transferred on deposit to the care of that institution. The efforts of the Institute since that time in behalf of science have been confined to the publication of scientific papers in its *Bulletin*, and to stimulating the spirit of research in the natural history of the county through its field meetings and discussions. Since 1867 local history and genealogy have been specialties of the Institute, and it has been the aim of the society to gather together all the material possible illustrative of the history of Essex County.

In June, 1887, the Essex Institute dedicated its new building

on Essex Street. This building was erected by Tucker Daland, a well-known merchant of Salem, in 1851, and afterwards became the property of his son-in-law, Dr. Benj. Cox, from whose heirs it was purchased by the Institute, the amount paid being taken from a fund bequeathed by the late Wm. Burley Howes, Esq. Through the generosity of friends of the Institute the building was handsomely fitted for the uses of the society. In addition to its own building, the Institute occupies the lower floor of Plummer Hall for its lectures, concerts, art and horticultural exhibitions, and also for its collections of public documents, national and State.

The Institute has formed a museum illustrating the life of the first settlers and those that followed them, and visitors will find among the articles of historic interest on exhibition the following: —

Fireback from the old Pickering House, Broad Street. (Mark 1 A P — 1660.)

English carved oak chair, time of Queen Elizabeth.

A sofa brought from Normandy by some of the French Huguenots about 1686.

The communion table of the East Church in Salem, used in its first house of worship, erected in 1718.

An iron christening stand used in the Topsfield Church about 1700.

The desk used by Nathaniel Bowditch while engaged in his famous translation of "*La Mécanique Céleste.*"

The desk used by Nathaniel Hawthorne while surveyor of the Port of Salem and Beverly.

The desk of William Gray, the great ship-owner.

A pew door from First Parish Church, Hingham, built in 1680.

A "samp-mortar" for pounding corn; also a stone hand-mill, brought over from England by Lieut. Francis Peabody, 1630.

A spinet — an old-time musical instrument somewhat resembling the piano — made by Blyth in Salem, and said to be one of the earliest instruments of the kind made in this country.

A piano of 1791, made by Broadwood in London — one of his earliest.

Early grand piano made by Clementi.

Piano made by Crehore, first American maker. This was the first piano in Topsfield.

A fine collection of spinning and flax wheels, tape-looms, foot-stoves, tinder-boxes, samplers, household utensils, furniture, costumes, etc.

A large collection of china, pottery, etc.

Gov. Endicott's sun-dial (I+ 1639 ÷ E).

Gov. Leverett's gloves.

Christening robes of Gov. Bradford, 1588.

Portraits of Sir William Pepperell, captor of Louisburg in 1745, the first American-born baronet of England; John Endicott, Gov. Mass. Bay, 1628; John Leverett, Gov. Mass. Bay, 1673; Simon Bradstreet, Gov. Mass. Bay, 1679; Thos. Cushing, First Lieut.-Gov. of Mass., 1780; Dr. Edw. Aug. Holyoke, born 1728, died 1829; Presidents Adams, Harrison, and Taylor; Nathan Dane, LL.D.; Rev. Manasseh Cutler, LL.D.; Judge Story; Daniel Webster; Rev. William Bentley, D.D., 1783–1819; Alexander Hamilton, first Sec'y of U.S. Treasury, painted by Trumbull; Timothy Pickering, Washington's Sec'y

of War and State; Timothy and Eunice Fitch, painted by Copley; William Pynchon, the first settler of Springfield, Mass.; Oliver Cromwell.

Among the notable oil paintings are these: —

"The War Summons," representing an incident in the Wars of the Roses, presented by the artist, Geo. Leslie, R.A.; "Trial of George Jacobs for Witchcraft;" "The Last Haven," presented by the artist, Ross Turner; "Pastures by the Sea," presented by the artist, Miss Fidelia Bridges; "An Interior," old Dutch painting of great merit.

The museum of the Institute — collection of paintings, historical relics, etc. — open to visitors daily (except Sundays and legal holidays) from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Children under twelve are not admitted unless accompanied by an adult.

The library and reading-rooms are open to members from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. during the summer months, and from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. in winter.

Visitors to the Old Church can obtain admission on application at the secretary's office in the Institute Building, and registering their names.

Officers: President, Henry Wheatland; Treasurer, William O. Chapman; Librarian, Chas. S. Osgood; Secretary, Henry M. Brooks; Assistant Librarian, Miss M. E. Arvedson; Janitor, Wm. McGrane.

Contributions of manuscripts, portraits, books, and other articles which will add to the value of the museum or collections illustrating the history of Essex County, are always acceptable, and may be sent at any time to the rooms of the society, to the care of the secretary of the Essex Institute.

The Institute has for sale, besides its own historical and scientific issues, "An Historical Sketch of Salem;" Allen's "Victoria Regia;" A sketch of the "Old First Church;" together with etchings and photographs of scenes and objects of interest in and about Salem.

PLACES OF INTEREST.

Essex Institute, 132 Essex Street, built for a private residence in 1851; occupied by the Essex Institute in 1887, and owned by that society. Historical relics, including portraits, MSS., etc. Library, local and general.

Old First Meeting House, built in 1634, now in rear of Plummer Hall. Roger Williams was settled over the First Church from 1631 to 1635, so that it must have been built during his ministry. The celebrated Hugh Peters and John Higginson also preached in this building.

Plummer Hall, 134 Essex Street. Library of Salem Athenæum; W. H. Prescott, the historian, was born in a house which stood on this spot; the house built by Nathan Read, M.C., who invented a steamboat before Fulton.

Cadet Armory, 136 Essex Street, formerly the residence of Col. Francis Peabody. Banquet-room, etc. On this spot stood the house of Governor Bradstreet.

Peabody Academy of Science, Essex Street. Ethnological, natural history collections, and museum of East India Marine Society.

The City Hall, Washington Street, built in 1838, has many portraits of interest, and the original Indian deed of Salem.

Court Houses in Federal Street, where the witchcraft records are to be seen, and many portraits, including Hunt's famous portrait of Chief Justice Shaw. Law library.

North Bridge, North Street. Scene of Leslie's retreat, Feb. 26, 1775.

Roger Williams's House, corner of Essex and North Streets; the latter was originally called in deeds "Mr. Williams's Lane." This house was built before 1634, and was occupied by Judge Corwin at the time of Salem Witchcraft. Sometimes called "Old Witch House."

Shattuck House, 315 Essex Street, home of Shattuck the dyer, time of witchcraft delusion. Built before 1660.

Salem Public Library, corner of Essex and Monroe Streets. Formerly the mansion of John Bertram. Reading-room open from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Pickering House, Broad Street. Built 1651. Birthplace of Col. Timothy Pickering. (Passing State Normal School, old Latin School house, and High School.)

Pierce House, 80 Federal Street, designed by Mackintire. Fine specimen of colonial architecture.

Old Burial Ground, Broad Street. Next oldest to the Charter-street burial-ground. Dr. Holyoke, Col. T. Pickering, and other distinguished people buried here.

Gallows Hill, rear of Boston Street. The scene of nineteen witchcraft executions in 1692.

Dr. Grimshawe House, where Hawthorne's wife lived before marriage. This house is described in Hawthorne's story of "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret." Adjoining Charter-street cemetery.

Charter-street Burial Ground, the earliest burying-place in Salem. Gov. Simon Bradstreet (called the Nestor of New England) was buried here in 1697; and here lie buried the Brownes, Lyndes, Hawthornes, Turners, Parkmans, Higginsons, and other leading families in Salem of an early period.

Hawthorne's Birthplace, 21 Union Street. He was born here July 4, 1804.

Custom House, Derby Street, where Hawthorne began his "Scarlet Letter." The desk upon which he wrote is in the Essex Institute.

Turner House, 34 Turner Street, built about 1680, and a favorite haunt of Hawthorne. This is called "The House of the Seven Gables." It is a house where Hawthorne was known to visit, and here he frequently took tea with the owner and occupant, Miss Susan Ingersoll.

Washington Square (Salem Common), showing style of houses built early in this century. In this vicinity (Winter Street) lived Justice Story; and in this house, still standing, the eminent poet and sculptor W. W. Story was born.

Birthplace of Nathaniel Bowditch, rear of 14 Brown Street.

Site of Witchcraft Jail, 4 Federal Street.

SEVERAL ANCIENT HOUSES.

Derby-Ward House, foot of Herbert Street.

Old Ward House, 38 St. Peter Street (showing projecting second story).

Old Bakery, 23 Washington Street; built about 1670 (showing projecting second story.)

Narbonne House, 71 Essex Street, built about 1680, showing lean-to roof.

Richard Derby, Sen., House, third below the Custom House, on Derby Street. Built about 1745; one of the earliest brick houses in Salem.

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